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THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

ALTHOUGH at the Convention of Men of Science in the United States, held a few days ago in Newhaven, we cannot point to any very remarkable novelty like, for example, "Kirkwood's" Analogy, brought forward at the meeting in August, '49, still the proceedings were very interesting; and from the number of the regular attendants and contributors at these re-unions, and the high research exhibited in the papers, we can with certainty rely on their continuance and increased efficacy in the cause of human progress. When we compare the results of this or the last year with those of former years, the friends of education and knowledge will have no reason to complain. The germ of the present institution, as was stated by Prof. Silliman in a short address at the conclusion of the meeting, is to be found in a voluntary assembly of geologists and naturalists which met in Philadelphia, in the spring of 1840. The idea was no doubt drawn from that of the famous British Association, and was soon expanded so as to resemble, in the extent of its objects, that institution. All things considered, a comparison between the labors of the two bodies would not be unfavorable to American men of science. It is worthy of notice that the British Association has been in successful operation some twenty years, and yet neither in France, Germany, nor in any other European nation, has any similar congress of the representatives of science been permanently established. This gives countenance to the idea, that the liberal and practical character of the people may have some connexion with placing such institutions on a permanent footing. Exhibitions of the products of industrial pursuits, arts, manufactures, and applications of science, about to be magnificently adopted in England, have long been popular in this country, while it is but within the last few years that we can boast our association for the advancement of science itself to compare with the British. The cause is, perhaps, the exclusively practical turn of the American mind.

The necessity of these meetings is obviously founded on the idea of science as a continual development, at once increasing the sum of its facts and changing its laws to those of more comprehensive import. The nature of this progression divides the cultivators of sci-

ence into two great classes,—students of what may be found in books, and those who interrogate nature. The latter class, if they do not waste their time by going over ground already discovered by others, should be teachers and professors in our schools and universities. To accomplish both their tasks, they must in turn teach and be taught, make investigations themselves, and listen to those of others. The same division of labor which makes a partition of tasks almost indispensable in other departments of human application, is as valuable here. These ends are all realized in an institution like our scientific association. Its members for the most part consist of those who have devoted themselves to the acquirement of scientific knowledge and who are supported by teaching their favorite branch in some college or university, or else they are men of fortune who pursue their studies as an elegant recreation. The requirements of their station or the impulses of curiosity render it desirable that at least every year these men should meet and bring their acquisitions together, preparatory to a general partition of this common property of mankind. Not the least valuable consideration, is that these results will be at such times brought to a rigid and searching analysis by minds accustomed to similar pursuits and familiar with the subject. This free and open criticism is a capital check on any display of pedantry or quackery, if such defects can be found among the professors of these elevating studies. For this reason partly and more particularly in order to save time, it has been the custom in England, and recently in this country, for these associations to divide into several sections devoted exclusively to the principal divisions of the great field of physical inquiry. The division into sections, however, has this disadvantage, as was pointed out by Professor Bache, in reviewing the proceedings of the semi-annual meeting at Charleston, that it does not afford so great an opportunity for those brilliant suggestions that are sometimes elicited from men engaged in dissimilar walks of science when they hear the announcement of a new discovery in another branch.

We have alluded to exhibitions of the products of the arts as the correlatives of these periodical summaries of the state and advance of knowledge. The two are closely connected, and the artisan of late years follows fast on the steps of the professor. It will not do for the latter to lag. There was a time when a man might be ignorant of the grand laws and phenomena of electricity, magnetism, and heat, but now the telegraph and the steam-engine are so talked about and fill such a place in the public mind, that ignorance of their principles is decidedly uncomfortable. The high standard demanded of the learned class makes the Association a necessity; the man who lectures students can hardly risk the lapse of a twelve-month lest he may possibly fall behind his class in some important particular.

We learn from the address of Prof. Bache, that the Association is still without a permanent and fixed organization, and it is creditable that the union of sentiment has been powerful enough, thus far, to preserve perfect order and insure complete success, without

even a board of management. It is now proposed that there should be appointed a body of permanent secretaries to make the necessary preparations, and be responsible for the transaction of whatever business is thrown on the Association. In order that personal attendance on the meetings should not be requisite to obtaining the full benefit of the proceedings, some alteration in the present plan of printing is deemed desirable. In both these respects the British Association has a decided advantage. How far, too, the Association might be rendered directly popular by lectures, on topics of general interest, has also been agitated. It has been thought by some that it ought to have discussed the pretensions of Mr. Paine, and other alleged discoveries, that have engaged, to some extent, the public mind, but it will be seen that this is not within the legitimate scope of the Association.

The papers produced at the recent meeting were of the usual varied character, ranging from Professor Loomis's popular anecdotes of parlor electricity to the theory of the planet Neptune. A novelty of the season was the production of Professor Page's new electromagnetic machine, which had recently attracted considerable attention at Washington. In Astronomy Prof. Olmstead advanced a theory of the Aurora Borealis, attributing that phenomenon to a cosmical instead of atmospheric cause, and connecting it with the periodic shooting stars. Prof. Erni's theory of alcoholic fermentation proved deserving of attention. Agassiz, Guyot, Mitchell, Peirce, Horsford, and Bache, with others, made valuable contributions on this occasion.

The observations of Mr. Squier in Central America possess a more than usual interest, from the fact that hitherto this entire region has been overlooked by travellers, and also because commerce seeks here a path over the continent to the rich shores of the great ocean, and the spicy islands of Ternate and Tidore.

At the corresponding meeting of the British Association of this year, the President, Sir David Brewster, in the course of his eloquent address, chiefly occupied with the philosophy of astronomical studies, took occasion to recognise, in an emphatic manner, the value of the analogy, to which we have already alluded, proposed by our countryman, Mr. Kirkwood, in reference to the mass, distances, rotations, and orbits of the planets of our system. The general business of this meeting at Edinburgh was highly satisfactory, leaving the Institution on a permanent and progressive stage of usefulness.

SEVERAL DAYS IN BERKSHIRE.
(From an "Esteemed Correspondent.")

PART III.

THE GRAND FANCY DRESS-BALL.

If the reader of our previous "Days" has been in any degree astonished at our enthusiasm, he will now oblige us by considering that this trip into Berkshire was our first country holiday in ten years; that the eye had grown weary of the everlasting dead level of the streets; that the ear was dulled with the censeless roll of omnibuses; that the hand flattered in a ten years' use of the unresting

quill; that the city air palled upon the appetite. The journey among the fresh country of the hills was like an exciting sea-voyage; and we launched out, on our first entrance into the new region, like mariners upon an unknown ocean, ready to make the most of every current and islet on our course. If in this we erred, we crave humbly to be forgiven; we are inclined now, in our cooler moment, to believe that we did err in speaking with so great gusto of a few hills in Massachusetts, only a couple of hundred miles from the city of New York. We should have remembered Europe and the Pyramids, and have kept our ill-expressed enthusiasm to ourselves; but, in spite of all endeavors to the contrary, we cannot but look back to the "Several Days in Berkshire," still, with some degree of interest. We cannot well avoid it. We are foolish enough to believe that whatever has greatly pleased or affected one human being, may please and affect others.

To return to our green pastures, now that we are past the first excitement of new scenes, we are able to look about us more calmly, and to dwell, in something of the spirit of detail, on the particulars of our enjoyment; two thirds of which, lying in the open air, the scenery is certainly the first consideration. In the morning a fog wraps the whole region in its fleecy folds; from which, like so many bald-headed gentlemen, as from under a comfortable coverlid, they thrust their tops, and begin to look abroad upon the world to see what it's about at that early hour. Valleys open; woodlands glide out; and shaking their night-gowns from their sides, and tossing off their caps, we have at last a clear outline of Greylock, The Dome, Saddleback, and their brethren. We observe meadows on the mountain sides, village steeples far away, numberless hollows and soft recesses, the whole country rolling like a sea and changing in every direction with a perpetual variety of hill and valley. Mounds rise up, wherever the eye is aimed, crowned with mansions or sleeping in the sun. Through all the scene the Housatonic steals along, with his bright waters, a messenger of peace and plenty: singing on his way, lingering to dally in the woods, rushing down the rocky places, as if to make up for lost time, and turning short corners, across the roads, at his own caprice. What regions, far away, invite the eye: by constant new experiences we learn that, pierce in whatever direction you will, there are new highways and new pictures of an everchanging country. This morning, for the first time, we learn of a marvellous scene of beauty and wonder, known as the Gulf Road, some twelve miles West, to which we are allured by that Princess of Pie Nic, Fairy Belt. Wagons and horses come to the door; among these are Aggy of the Evil Eye, to be ridden by a city gentleman, of late unpractised in the saddle, who suggests to the ostler who has brought her up from the village-stable, something observably vicious in her countenance. "Nothin' of that sort, sir," is the mild ostler's reply, "on'y speak to her gently and she's a lamb." Doubts being expressed of her lamb-like qualities to Farmer Robert, he takes the proposed rider aside and says, confidentially—"You needn't be afraid—if she attempts to run away with you, let her go for about three miles, and then you can have it all your own way." The long wagon, stowed fourteen deep, gentlemen and ladies in the saddle, like a flight of Cossacks in the desert, we start. Broad Hall is lost in the distance, and winding and darting through factory villages, across rivers and

bridges, we come to Gulf Road, a woody defile, wild, strange, and primeval: lonesome and indifferent to civilization, as though it lay in the passes of the Rocky Mountains. We are pushing on for a novelty in Constitution Hill: when the Sorceress arrests us at a spring by the road side, cool, clear, pure, and sweet as the best flavored wines of Italy. With a health all round, we scamper on: and leaving the hamlet of Lanesborough, with its ancient churchyard, thickly set with gravestones, we reach the base of the hill.

Here a mysterious dive is made into the bottom of the long wagon, and when John Coachman rises, fish-hawk fashion, he bears in his talons a wicker basket or hamper, which is regarded with profound interest by the whole company; and when the said John Coachman advances up hill with the aforesaid hamper on his back, the company, as by some profound instinct, fall into his wake. The wicker hamper stops at a stone ledge half way up, and leaving a young lady and gentleman ditto, who appear to have something special to say to each other, in charge of the cupboard, we clamber on, till presently we reach the Height of Constitution Hill itself—a platform lifted like a level table into the air; high above trees, separated clear from all surrounding country, and commanding as from a great rostrum a wide view over the whole plateau of Pittsfield.

We sit or lie scattered in groups like so many shepherds and shepherdesses on the mountain-top: when, in spite of scenery, woods, and views, the Cupboard suddenly rises on the recollection, overtops the mountains, and looms up till it is the sole object visible on the horizon to the whole company. The result—a sudden descent to the stone ledge, where a cloth has been magically spread and an excellent Feast, as in the Arabian Nights, conjured up in the wilderness. With recollections of absent friends, as the corks dart to and fro, scaring the innocent birds from the twigs as if they had been shot at; and, choosing another of the numberless new roads winding every way, we resume our caravan-march homeward.

Happy, happy hour: when by the margin of Pontusac at that dear twilight time, it was our fortune and delight, to amble on, in pleasant talk, with one whose fair memory will linger with us in many a lonely hour and distant scene, brighter, like the setting day, as it departs further and further: till it fade with the light of this world and all the festival pageants of the earth!

Faster and faster, now that this other day of happiness is gone—the mighty city of labor and suffering draws nearer and begins its dim eclipse upon the spirit. But one more day, one evening more of these retired delights, these calm waters of the soul, and then the maelstrom draws us in: and what, think you, reader, of fancy,—what of all rural exercises was it that closed this week of pastoral enjoyment! Apple-gathering, blackberrying, raking after the cart, angling, birdsnesting? Of all things—a grand fancy dress ball in the very heart of Berkshire. Fairy Belt again in motion, Fairy Belt's sisters, too, all the ladies: the village ransacked for green goggles, yellow stuff for breeches, antique hats, long-tail coats, brought down from garrets; heavy boots, of a past fashion, fished up from cellars; invitations scattered post-haste through the country; and, when evening comes, the great rooms of Broad Hall are thrown open; and thronged, in rapid procession, with Aunt Tabitha (supposed to be Fairy Belt in perfect disguise) a lovely Peasant Girl, a Turk, two prim maid-

ens (who cannot hide their roses quite so easily under chalk); an awful Yankee, with three hanks of flax for a wig—and such a length of tail in his coat!—two extraordinary waiters with cobbler's—such waiters!—another Yankee, exceedingly sober-sided, and pronounced an impostor; a terrific Captain of the Pittsfield Artillery; a Spotted Man (savoring fearfully of the presence of Barnum); a Bride—oh, would she were!—and though last, not least lovely, a Highland Maiden, the Di Vernon of the Berkshire Hills. We must not emulate Hume, Robertson, or Macaulay, and therefore let us draw our chronicle to a close. Memorable, in all the events of that week's sojourn, rises up one fearful Pun, discharged upon us at the supper-table, by the waiter who had figured in the Hall in a cart-frock; and who, being a sturdy man, some six feet in height, and a practising attorney withal, had the strength and audacity to make it—an awful pun, portentous, ill-timed, rude, unseemly, mean, inhospitable, villainous, and so complicated in its scoundrelism as to cause the sudden and violent ejection of its maker out of a back door into the door-yard grass at midnight. This criminal infraction of the rights of hospitality could not fail, as it did not fail, to throw a damper on any further enjoyment, and almost in a moment break up the festive company, sufficient strength only being reserved to give the dread Captain of Artillery nine welkin cheers as he left us in the coach for a soldier's peaceful slumbers in his village domicile.

So with a flight of rockets, in the dispersal of our Holiday Friends in their parti-colored dresses, these Berkshire Remembrances close. Parting in mirth and free hilarity—when shall we meet again! When will any two or three of that gay company, in memory and friendly talk, revive these scenes of innocent enjoyment? Long, long in this heart at least, as on a stage, will those happy scenes be re-enacted: one by one shall those dear friends come up and glide by, smiling on us once again, waving their friendly hands, and bid us God speed on our course:—God speed all, dear friends!

REVIEWS.

CARLYLEIANA.

Latter-day Pamphlets. Edited by Thomas Carlyle. No. VIII.—Jesuitism. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

The same. Harpers.

Perforations in the "Latter-day Pamphlets." By one of the "eighteen millions of Bored." Edited by Elizur Wright. No. I.—Universal Suffrage—Capital Punishment—Slavery. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

THE chief defect of Thomas Carlyle is his lack of practicality when writing on practical subjects. In a world constructed on different principles, he might be a very available man; but the planet Earth has been set spinning in space, subject to certain conditions on the part of its mixed population, which, upon the whole, merely for the sake of existence, it is as well, perhaps, to obey. In fact, under obedience to the great laws of the Universe, there is considerable social trimming and shifting of position to be done before the complicated mechanism of society can move at all. Pure autocratic humanity is at the mercy of inferior powers. We live dependent upon our own weaknesses or infirmities, and upon the weaknesses or infirmities of others. We are sophisticated; and to accomplish any good in the world we must remember this, else we are apt to dwell in abstractions, to be mere isolated speculators

upon human affairs, arrogating some diviner intelligence than the working men around us; while thinking we are gods, accomplishing ourselves in the purest vices of devils, unmitigated selfishness. The moralist separating himself from the problems of active life, with their relative conditions, becomes simply a grumbler. In this world we must do the best we can, and take what we can get; for the greatest misery is to do nothing, and to receive something is essential to life. The common sense of mankind has bestowed a vulgar epithet upon the philosophers whose chief occupation is railing at the world, even from the steps of the temple. They are Croakers, Scolds; and at common law, which supposed them to be confined to the feminine gender, when they became insupportable in old English villages, they were liable to an ignominious ducking in a horse pond. You do not alter the character by changing the gender, or giving it the use of type or the freedom of the London Press. The more conspicuous the stage the greater the nuisance. We can only see a difference in degree between the virago who annoys a village, or the self-styled philosopher who bores the world with his fault-finding: if the one should be dipped in a puddle, the other should be drowned in the Atlantic.

Now Carlyle, a Scotchman, of very proud and lofty instincts, undoubtedly, is not exempt from a certain resemblance to the *communis rixatrix* of Blackstone. He is for ever huffing and snarling at the world, quarrelling with everything but his bread and butter. The politics of the world are all wrong; the kings are wrong; the democrats are wrong; civilization is all on the wrong track,—its manufactures, railways, its thousand means; the Church is all wrong,—a mere shabby priestcraft, a system of fraud and delusion.

Now it is very easy to get one's opinions unsettled upon any of the positive institutions of the world, and we are willing to admit the constant law of change which governs them, but, for the time being, they are our homes and shelter; and a wise man, we think, will accomplish his reforms through them, not waste his efforts in unprofitably railing against them.

Take the representative system in politics, to which the world is universally tending in some democratic form: it calls for the wisest counsel, the best head and the purest aims to guide it. It is worse than idle at this time to prate of the superiority of a strong usurpation of a kinglycraft, or talk of a theocracy. Undoubtedly you may find virtues in the latter systems, and evils in the existing ones, and you may ring the changes to the end of time. As there is a vice of too much confidence in forms, there is equal evil in a contempt for them. It is a grand defect of the railer in snatching after some imaginary good to lose the benefit in his way. So Carlyle attacks the Church of England as an undisguised mass of insincerity, though he cannot discover a real evil which is not denounced by its liturgy and pulpits daily. The difference between the two is that the Church is a uniform, steady, both conservative and reforming institution, striking at the roots of abuses as they arise, constantly invigorating society, involving the truest and purest system of ethics, and the highest culture of the individual, while the new philosophers who affect to see the world from a loftier point of view, are driven about in a sea of uncertainty, without guide or landmark, save their individual will. If it rested with these various opponents of Christianity how long should we see Marriage preserved, or the Family, or the State, or a Church? What

would be the state of the world under their government or no government of individual intuitions?

In writing this we are by no means desirous of undervaluing the force and literary ability of Carlyle's style, or even of his pungent and frequently well applied satire; but we would warn our readers against the direct destructive tendencies of his writings. That he is not an ordinary vulgar destructive matters little; or that he has certain far-fetched substitutes, in his own mind, for he gives us nothing definite in his writings, to propose for what he would destroy; he may be on that account the more dangerous. He deals with truths to be sure, but truths are keen edged weapons, which may wound the handler; and the most treacherous falsity, perhaps, is a misapplied truth.

Mr. Carlyle's closing pamphlet of his series is certainly one of the best written of the whole. It has some admirable examples of his peculiar German vein of irony. The reply of his American opponent, the editor of the late *Chronotype*, has some vigorous writing, and its hits are perhaps the harder coming from a brother reformer who has points of agreement with his adversary. We should prefer Mr. Wright in an independent form of his own where he might pursue his own vein, untrammelled by a race with the hard-pushed propositions of the seven-leagued Scot.

Reminiscences of Congress. By Charles W. March. Baker & Scribner. 1850.

WHENEVER a man of character presents a book to the public, the public, as not given over body and soul to Noddledom, may reasonably demand that the author of the said book should have something to say, and that, now that he has made up his mind to publish, he should say it "right out," in the fewest words which can clearly convey his meaning. Of all wearisome compositions, prosy biographies are the heaviest mortal calamity; and when, instead of trimming close to the topic, the compiler relies on the magnitude or importance of the subject to keep him up; and instead of leading him forth and simply saying in plain English, "Behold the man!" he begins with all the activity of a bewildered silkworm to weave about his plain proportions a boundless robe of adjective and epithet, we throw down the Pamphlet in despair, and wish the windy workman—in solitary confinement, with Webster's dictionary for his companion. No eminence has suffered so much in this way as that of our "leading politicians." One of these has no sooner risen to the dignity of Chairman of a Ward Committee, than some self-appointed biographer rushes from his closet and seizes the Eminent One by the shirt, and holds him with a death-grip, while he howls forth the doleful story of his wonderful achievements and brilliant campaigns of service, down to the date of the last almanac. And the unhappy result is scarcely a single readable memoir of an American Statesman. These remarks will be allowed to have their pertinence; although we by no means wish to have them applied in strictness to the present work. Mr. March is favorably known as a clever contributor to the public journals, and commands a style of considerable vivacity and force, occasionally brilliant and at times "overdone." He commits the common error of ascribing everything to his hero: who is always, wherever he may be, the centre and pivot of American politics, the savior of his country, and the greatest statesman of the age. It is Mr. Webster, the late Hon. Senator from Massachusetts and present Secretary of State,

who now figures in that character. Although the writer set out with a different design, the tendency in the direction of exclusive worship was so strong as to compel a change of plan and treatment, as appears by the acknowledgment in the preface. He says:—

"It was the original design of the author to have given a series of descriptive sketches of scenes and persons in Congress, unconnected with any antecedents or relations of the individuals introduced; but, finding on examination of what had been written that Mr. Webster formed the principal figure in each effort of his pen, he concluded to give the book a more personal character, and make it an approximation to a biography."

We do not propose, by an analysis of the career of Mr. Webster at this time, to ascertain how far Mr. March is warranted in announcing a Life of Mr. Webster, under the title of "Reminiscences of Congress." One thing is pretty clear, the Massachusetts Senator is not the sole Political Reminiscence of the country for the last forty years, nor have his services been so exclusive and dominating as to require that the National Congress should be typified in his name.

A literary journal should certainly lean strongly towards that distinguished Senator, for of all our public men, it must be acknowledged he has cultivated most and most relied on the strength and graces of literature in the structure of his speeches. By him style and language have been most carefully considered and cultivated; and he has furnished passages of the pure crystal, which are worthy of the lasting record of the printed page. A single sentence from the close of his Plea to the Jury on the great Murder Trial of the Crowninshields, is one of those which justify this opinion, and at the same time represents the character of the occasions where Mr. Webster figures to the first advantage, namely, in giving utterance to the lofty and austere moral sentiment of his native section of New England:

"A sense of duty pursues us ever. It is omnipresent, like the Deity. If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning and dwell in the utmost parts of the sea, duty performed, or duty violated, is still with us, for our happiness or our misery. If we say the darkness shall cover us, in the darkness as in the light, our obligations are yet with us. We cannot escape their power, nor fly from their presence. They are with us in this life, will be with us at its close; and, in that scene of inconceivable solemnity, which lies yet farther onward, we shall still find ourselves surrounded by the consciousness of duty, to pain us wherever it has been violated, and to console us, so far as God may have given us grace to perform it."

As an example of the manner of the Biographer, the following passage rendering liberal justice to a political opponent, and bearing at the same time on the present posture of affairs in the country, will be found of special interest:—

"General Jackson took an early opportunity to express in person to Mr. Webster, his sincere gratitude for the eminent services rendered by that gentleman, in such perilous moment, to his administration; and Mr. Livingston, the Secretary of State, repeatedly, and in warm terms, made his own acknowledgments besides. In truth, it was conceded everywhere that, but for the efforts of Mr. Webster, and of the friends who rallied under him, the administration would have fallen into a powerless and pitiable condition; an object of opprobrium to its friends, and of safe insult to its foes."

"A community of sentiment and action, in this fearful crisis of our national history, brought General Jackson and Mr. Webster into stricter intimacy, social and political, than had previously ever subsisted between them. Some of the Gene-

ral's friends hoped, and more feared, a closer official relationship. In May of this year, Mr. Webster journeyed West; returning in June, he met Mr. Livingston in New York, then preparing to depart on his mission to France. It was understood at this time, in private and confidential circles, that, before leaving Washington, Mr. Livingston had had frequent and earnest conversations with General Jackson in relation to Mr. Webster's position; and that he had urged upon him the absolute necessity of securing Mr. Webster's continued support of his administration. To his suggestions General Jackson gave a favorable ear and acquiescence; and authorized Mr. Livingston to approach Mr. Webster upon the subject. These conversations and their result, Mr. Livingston, in his interview with him in New York, communicated to Mr. Webster. That a seat in the cabinet was at the same time proposed to Mr. Webster, on the part of the President, through the same medium of communication, was a belief warmly entertained by some of the nearest friends of both parties. One fact it is allowable to mention; a distinguished Senator, a political and personal friend of General Jackson, brought Mr. Webster a list of the intended nominees for offices in the Eastern States, and asked him to erase therefrom the names of any personally objectionable to him. This Mr. Webster declined to do, not wishing to place himself under any obligations to the administration, that might qualify the freedom of his action, either in support or repudiation of its measures.

"On many points of what was then the proposed policy of the administration, there was no marked difference of opinion between these two eminent men; in its foreign policy, particularly, they almost entirely concurred; but there was a radical and fatal difference on the great question of the currency. The measures General Jackson thought it necessary to take to prevent pecuniary loss to the country from the unchecked operations of the United States Bank, did not meet Mr. Webster's concurrence. Indeed, the removal of the government deposits from that institution, however justifiable on the ground of expediency or even necessity, was a measure of such formidable energy, as to confound some of the general's longest tried and not most timid supporters. It encountered Mr. Webster's opposition, and even denunciation. And this honest difference of opinion, in regard to a matter of temporary importance, prevented the union of the two master-spirits of the age, and blasted the patriotic hopes of the country.

"How much of party animosity might have been assuaged, how much of public good promoted, and national honor how greatly advanced, by the consummation of such a union! How high the tide of public prosperity had risen, with such luminaries in conjunction!

"The moral and intellectual attributes of one were the complement of the other. Not that both did not possess mental and moral characteristics of the same nature; but some one quality would appear more predominant in one, and some other quality, equally distinguished, in the other; both more brilliant from contrast.

"History records few instances of more adamant will and inflexibility of purpose, than characterized Andrew Jackson. Napoleon himself had not greater, nor more intuitive knowledge of men, or far-reaching sagacity. What he willed he accomplished; his mind never faltered, and his purpose never changed.

"He was got up on the statuesque model of a hero of Plutarch. His qualities were all clearly and boldly defined; but without extravagance or deformity. There was nothing common-place in his character or thought. He acted and spoke with the freshness and power of genius. He dared everything; yet to his dauntless nature there was added a haughtiness of spirit that withheld him from vulgar strife. He rushed to his purpose like a torrent from the mountain; no obstacle could retard his course, nor opposition restrain his impetuosity. The fiery vehemence of his will swept everything before it. Men gazed at its resistless

career, and gave way, overcome with apprehension. To oppose him was to encounter destiny.

"Such a determined will and fearless nature, with attendant power, wanted but direction to accomplish miracles of good.

"Such direction could have been found in Mr. Webster, whose comprehensiveness of view, calmness of deliberation, sagacity, and singleness of purpose, had admirably qualified him for a controlling adviser. His intellectual majesty would have secured the admiration of his great ally, and tempered the vehemence of his action. He would have had the mind to plan what the other would have had the heart to execute. He would have been the engineer to give direction and speed to the locomotive; regulating its power, according to the obstacles to be overcome, or the thing to be accomplished.

"But no such happiness was reserved for the country. A strong schism supervened within a year after Mr. Webster's defence of the administration, between him and the President; and the country went on in a career of intermittent disaster."

There is a vivid and unmistakable biography of the great Senator in the living and speaking portrait prefixed to the volume, on the peculiar indications both of strength and weakness in which we could dwell at great length, if occasion required.

Hungary and Transylvania; with Remarks on their Condition, Social, Political, and Economical. By John Paget, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo. Phila.: Lea & Blanchard.

THIS is not a new work, but the first American reprint of an old one well worthy, by its intelligence and careful observation, of reproduction at the present time. Mr. Paget's travels in Hungary and Transylvania were commenced in 1835, and prosecuted for a year and a half with diligence and favorable opportunities. His work was given to the London public in 1839. The recent revolutionary movements in Hungary have called attention to its pictures of race, manners, and its judicious chapters on political organization. These various conditions of national character are brought before us in a quiet, and evidently unprejudiced manner; and as the facts and reflections were drawn too far from personal insight, at a period neither too remote to be antiquated, nor too near to participate in the partisan feeling of the late struggle, they have an interest alongside of contemporary publications. It would have added, however, greatly to the value of the volumes had they been accompanied by notes, tracing the development of principles, and the subsequent career of actors then first appearing on the stage; for, as we read of the working of some old constitutional privilege, or the effort to preserve a national right, we are anxious to know how much of this has been modified, or what remains at this moment.

The constitutional and municipal rights of the Hungarians are topics upon which an American, who enjoys practically what the former, for the most part, preserves with difficulty in bare theory, will study with peculiar interest. He will there see the germ of his most cherished institutions cramped and thwarted by a domestic oligarchy and foreign king-craft, but struggling through all oppressions with the inevitable force of freedom. At an election of a deputy to the Diet, or a municipal officer, you would imagine yourself at a viva voce hustings in England, or stump gathering in Kentucky. This is the form—the substance is less democratic. What with the jealous nominations and reservations of the "Emperor and King," the class privileges of the Roman

clergy and the ever-present multifarious nobility, the people are yet far from the enjoyment of their natural rights. Yet so strongly are these guarded in theory, that Mr. Paget, a liberal writer, exclaims—"well may the Hungarians protest that they desire no revolution! Their ancient constitution maintained and carried out in its ancient form and spirit, modified only where it injures and oppresses the weak, would secure to them all the freedom which man can reasonably desire."

A fair representation of the good sense and moderation of the writer's temperament, is given in this passage on

THE REFORMER.

"The Reformer's is always an arduous task; but when his efforts are directed to the improvement of the manners and the character of men, it is a labor to which very few are equal. To be able to enter into the thoughts and feelings of others—to appreciate circumstances in which one has never been placed—to judge of the wants and necessities to which they give rise—to seize the points by which men may be influenced—to eradicate the bad and leave the good parts of their character untouched—to devote heart and soul, without a thought of self-interest, to such a work, and then to bear cheerfully the suspicion, the calumny, the opposition of those for whom one has labored—these are some of the qualities required by him who undertakes to reform mankind. As for those philanthropic absolutists, who insist on making men happy either in this world or the next, whether they will or not, I hold them to be the greatest enemies of their species. If, instead of enforcing on a man a happiness which does not suit him, they would but content themselves with removing all those obstacles which bad laws and the false institutions of society impose between poverty and improvement; if they would but busy themselves in placing man in a position to help himself, and take care to show him an example in their own persons of those virtues they are most anxious he should practice, I am convinced that the spirit of moral advancement, and the desire of bettering his condition, are principles so strongly implanted in human nature, that they must prevail; nay, so certain do I feel of this improbability in the human race, that I have often thought the great men of the earth must needs have employed all their wit and cunning to invent wicked laws to depress the little men, or the little would long ere this have been much greater than they are,—though it is just possible that the great might have grown somewhat less by the process."

The observations of the peculiarities of race are in accordance with this liberal reflection, as in the genial picture of the generally contemned Wallack population of Transylvania, an interesting sketch of a rude, uneducated people, of simple habits and coarse superstitions, but redeemed by strong local attachments, love of kindred, and other homely virtues. Referring the reader to the humanitarian feeling displayed on this subject, we separate a trait or two, of a quaint character, from the general description.

WALLACK PECULIARITIES.

"Like the Turks, the Wallacks ornament their burial-places by planting a tree at the head and another at the foot of every grave; but, instead of the funereal cypress, they plant the *swetschen* or plum, from which they make their brandy—a very literal illustration 'of seeking consolation from the tomb.' For the death of near relations, they mourn by going bare-headed for a certain time,—a severe test of sincerity in a country where the excesses of heat and cold are so great as here.

"The village-well is still, all over Hungary, the favorite gossiping spot for matrons and maids. There is a custom which I often noticed among the Wallacks, of throwing over a small quantity of the water from the full pitcher before it is carried

away. It appears that this is done to appease the spirit of the well, who might otherwise make her pure draught an evil-bearing potion. Has not this some analogy to the Roman libations to their gods? The analogy, if it be one, is strengthened by the classically-formed earthen vessels which the Wallacks commonly use, and which are often exceedingly elegant.

"The Wallacks, especially those of this neighborhood, have a custom of which I never heard elsewhere. A party of idle young fellows sell themselves, as they say, to the devil, for a term of three, five, or seven years—the number must be unequal, or the devil will not hold the bargain—engaging to dance without ceasing during the whole of that period, except when they sleep; in consideration of which, they expect their infernal purchaser will supply them with food and wine liberally, and render them irresistible among the rustic belles. Accordingly, dressed in their gayest attire, these merry vagabonds start out from their native village, and literally dance through the country. Everywhere they are received with open arms: the men glad of an excuse for jollity, the women anxious, perhaps, to prove their power, all unite to feed and fete the devil's dancers; so that it is scarcely wonderful there should be willing slaves to so merry a servitude. When their time is up, they return home, and become quiet peasants for the rest of their lives."

A philological anecdote is curious:—

BADGE OF SLAVERY.

"From the Turk the Wallack has borrowed but few words; but one familiar sound has become so fixed in his vocabulary, that he will never lose it; and it marks, as well as a hundred pages, the relation in which the Turk and Wallack stood to each other. This little word is '*haide*.' In Constantinople it is the Frenchman's '*va-t'en*' to the beggar-boy, the Austrian's '*marchir*' to his dog, our '*come-up*' to a horse, or the '*begone*' of an angry master to his servant—yet none of these languages have any one word of command applied alike to man or beast; but such is the '*haide*' of the Turk, and such the word he hath bequeathed to the Wallack language—a lasting monument of his imperious sway. However the Wallack poet may in after-ages gloss over the fact of his people's slavery, his own tongue will belie him as often as the familiar '*haide*' escapes from his lips."

A novelty of the valley of the Hatszeg is the luxury of

BUFFALO'S CREAM.

"Paris must hide her head for very shame,—she has no idea of the luxury of true *café à la crème*. In the first place, the buffalo's milk is much richer than that of the cow, and then the method of preparing it here is perfect. Over-night, a little three-legged earthen pot, a *labos*, is placed over a very slow fire, and as the cream rises to the surface and clots, it is gently moved on one side with a spoon to allow more to rise on the vacant space. This is placed aside, and the next morning is boiled for use; of course the clot is the best part, and a good housewife divides it out with great exactness. Buffaloes, rarely seen in Hungary, are exceedingly common here, and their slow movements seem to suit the Wallack precisely. Their power is reckoned equal to that of twice as many oxen, but their pace is only half as fast. In hot weather, the sight of water renders them beyond all control, and many amusing tales are told of carriages lodged in the middle of rivers, spite of driver, whip, or goad. When excited, the fury of the buffalo is said to be terrific, he tramples to death the object of his rage, and a year rarely happens in which some peasants do not fall victims to these shapeless monsters."

The Gold washing of Transylvania was a foretaste of California.

ROADS PAVED WITH GOLD, ETC.

"I must not forget that in passing between the

two Csetaties, we observed a peasant carefully scraping up the soil from the little path we followed (Pliny describes nearly the same scene in his day), and depositing it in a basket beside him, much in the same way as we see the children collect manure on our high roads,—but with this difference, the Transylvanian obtained gold ready made to his hand, while our own countrymen only acquire a means of aiding industry in its acquisition. I dare say everybody has heard of streets paved with gold; but I must confess I had always believed it a romance; here, however, it was a serious reality. In fact, the road was formed of stones from the nearest rock, which we already know contains gold, and as it had been raining during the night, it was no wonder that the water should have washed away the lighter particles which had been crushed to dust under the feet of the passers, and left the heavier ore glittering in the sun behind.

"In some parts of Hungary, and in almost every part of Transylvania, but especially in that through which our wanderings have lately conducted us, a large quantity of gold is annually procured from the sand deposited by the rivers and brooks. There is scarcely a river in Transylvania of which the sands do not contain more or less gold, but the most celebrated are the Aranyos (golden), the Maros, the Strigy, the Körös, and the Szamos. The gold is commonly found in the upper part of these streams, before the sand becomes mixed with mud from the richer lands of the valleys. There can be no doubt that the gold is derived from the decomposition of metalliferous rocks, from the attrition of detached masses, and sometimes, though more rarely, from the breaking up of a vein of ore itself, by means of running water. As it is mixed in very small quantities with other débris, it becomes only worth the search where it has been collected by the operation of natural causes in a greater proportionate quantity than that in which it originally existed—in short, only when nature has dressed and washed it. This occurs after a flood, at the elbows, or bends of rivers, where the water, surcharged with broken matter, which its unusual force has enabled it to bring down, flows slower and deposits the heavier particles, carrying the lighter further on. In such spots the gold-washers collect when the flood has abated; and taking up the sand in wooden shovels or scoops, they move it about in a small quantity of water till all but the metalliferous particles are washed away.

"The gold occurs in various forms, from the most complete dust to pieces of the size of a pigeon's egg, though I need scarcely say the former is by far the most common. I believe the greater part of the gold obtained by the gold-washers is nearly pure; indeed, I am not aware that they attempt to gather it when mixed with other matter. I have no means of ascertaining the amount of gold washed in Transylvania. In the Banat I have seen it stated, that from 1813 to 1818, the proceeds amounted to two thousand one hundred and thirty-eight ducats.

"This branch of industry is almost entirely in the hands of the gypsies. The Government grants a gipsy band the privilege of washing the sands of a certain brook, on condition of their paying a yearly rent, which is never less than three ducats, in pure gold, per head for every washer. A gipsy judge, or captain, settles this matter with the Government, and is answerable for the rest of the tribe from whom he collects the whole of their earnings, and, after paying the tribute, redivides it."

In parting with this publication, we must congratulate the Philadelphia publishers on the sound judgment which they have recently shown in the production of the better class of the books of travels, of a scientific and philosophical interest, as the works of Erman on Siberia, McFarlane on Turkey, De Vere's Greece and Turkey, and the companion vo-

lumes before us. We may trace this interest, in a great measure, to the general popularization of scientific studies, and its connexion with every-day pursuits, through the labors of the Ethnologists, and the Associations, foreign and domestic, for the Advancement of Science.

The Lily and the Totem. By W. Gilmore Simms. Baker & Scribner. 1850.

THIS is another contribution to the Romance of American History, comprising sketches of the Huguenot colonies founded by Admiral Coligni in Florida in the latter half of the sixteenth century; in whose history "wild and dark events, startling tragedies, and picturesque incidents" so vividly exist.

The book gives to us history as the facts of a record would be presented by an able lawyer, and not by the drowsy matter-of-fact witness. The interest is awakened by raising the tone of history, warming it with the hues of fancy, and making it dramatic by the continued exercise of art. And it is with pleasure we commend it as a production which abundantly increases the fame of its author. It is by such efforts of his pen that Mr. Simms will best answer the demands of a reading public, and keep always fresh the admiration of his countrymen.

He commenced the subject as the material of a poem; and has given, in an appendix, as much of the verse as he prepared, when "the spirit which had urged me (says the author in his dedicatory epistle to the chivalric and accomplished Governor Hammond of South Carolina) thus far, no longer quickened me with that impatient eagerness which can alone justify poetic labors;" just enough of the verse is given to allow our congratulations that so much of true poetry as may be found in the book has been wedded to a gracefulness of rhetoric, free to travel in any harness it pleases, at the sacrifice of rather constrained blank verse.

So many American writers have dealt in the Romance of Puritan history, after freely kissing the "blarney stone of America" (as the late lamented James Reyburn termed the Rock at Plymouth), that it is a relief to have a writer take up the history of other American settlements, and give it an exciting prominence; for, really, it would seem to the limited reader that the Plymouth adventurers were the earliest at the New World settlement, and that their doings and sayings were the only memorable occurrences in the primitive annals of the country. Yet in the footsteps of La Salle, De Soto, Ponce de Leon, Verazzani the Florentine, and Ribault the Huguenot, sprang up like wild flowers incidents most picturesque, and events most intense in interest; incidents and events which preceded any of Puritan history. Indeed, as our author says, the Southern settler was a more pliable character for the romancer—particularly the Huguenot. "The French Protestant was, by no means, of the faith and temper of the English Puritan. In simplifying his religion, he did not clothe his exterior in gloom; he did not deny that there should be sunshine and blossoms in the land. The colonists at Fort Charles did not perplex the Indians with doctrinal questions." Then the land to which they had carried worldly fortune was not of the repulsive exterior possessed by New England; its climate was delicious, like that of France. Its woods and forests were of a majesty and splendor beyond any which the wildest fancy had ever dreamed of; and the security which the remoteness of the region promised, and the novelty which invested every object, made

the parting from home of the adventurer a tolerably easy one. Instead of rocks to frown upon his landing, he had flowers and fragrant shrubs to invite it. Instead of driving gales and beating rain to discourage approach and to chill ardor, there were gorgeous skies and delicious breezes to animate enthusiasm and intoxicate the senses. The Huguenot adventurer left home full of confidence and expectation. The shouts of friends, the reciprocal salute of ordnance, accompanied his adieu. There was a last shout, a last sullen roar of their mutual cannon, and the great waves of the Atlantic rolled, *unbroken by a sail*, between the colonists and *La Belle France*.

From the many dramatic sketches in the history of the Huguenots in Florida, whose perusal has interested us more than is common, that which sets forth "the legend of Guernache" most challenges our admiration. It seems that in the little colony founded by Ribault the Huguenot, was a handsome drummer named Guernache; a man better fitted to employ enthusiasm as a leader than to excite it with sheepskin. He was a fellow of happy humors, kind heart, and contagious merriment. Wherever he went toil was unfelt, the weight of the task dissipated, and discouragements turned into objects of pleasantry. He was a universal genius, and whether he fished or hunted, danced with his comrades, or "played the fiddle" for them, he found no equal among comrades or Indians, with the latter of whom he grew to be the most popular character of the times, and quite threw medicine men and wizards into the shade. Guernache the handsome, the courtly in manner, the fascinating of voice, the agile of heels, the sorerer in music, the light of heart, the strong of wit, easily won the heart of an Indian damsel, related to the chief of the tribe, and in the cover of the forest, unknown to his nearest comrade, wedded her with pagan ceremonies. Monaletta (his bride) and Guernache loved each other with an absorption of soul; and for a time the settler husband was the happiest fellow in the world. He might have continued so had there been another captain than Mons. Albert, who, although a cadet of a noble line, was a person of mean and ignoble nature; fond of tyranny, querulous of temper, and overflowing with jealousy. Especially was he jealous of his own drummer, because of his beauty, wit, and aptitude of employment. So great was in reality the difference in point of manliness between them, captain and musician, that Monaletta heartily responded to the common sentiment of wonder among the savages, that the Frenchmen should place themselves under the command of a chief so mean of person and so inferior in gifts as Captain Albert, when they had among them a person of such noble presence and irresistible qualities as her husband.

It happened that at an Indian feast-day, the Frenchmen were present by invitation. Dancing came in order, and at Captain Albert's demand for music from his violin, Guernache refused. The captain was highly incensed, but rendered perfectly furious when, being struck with the beauty of Monaletta, he asked her hand for the dance, and was refused in favor of Guernache; a preference very natural for a simple-hearted wife, but quite inexplicable to Albert, who, unknowing of the marriage, was too much enraged to play the philosopher. Poor Guernache was sent away, followed by a stream of most brilliant epithets. About the same time, certain secret rites were being performed in the forest by the Indian priests,

which Albert secretly swore to unravel; and a private named Renaud (a capital name, as it would seem, from his character for low cunning) volunteered for the office of spy. But, fox as he was, he could not escape wizard eyes, and was hunted with flint stones, from his leafy retreat, into the presence of his comrades, at whose feet he sank wounded, and begging for assistance. The Indians were about to immolate him—a victim of curiosity—when Guernache the exile suddenly appeared with his violin, and playing most rapturously, drove away all rage from the Indians, whom a shower of gifts again restored to perfect equanimity. A benefit from the hand of an enemy often inspires new hate, and such was the case for Captain Albert. Guernache's fiddle had saved the Frenchmen from indiscriminate slaughter, but its owner, in returning, had violated orders. No vexation of imposed toil was now too great; but still Guernache bore up, sustained by the affection of Monaletta, who, denied the fort, waited for him each evening in the forest bowers. One night the luckless drummer was made sentinel—a new office for him; he was pacing his lonely rounds, thinking how his wife would be frightened at his unlooked-for absence, when love overcame duty; and, throwing his firelock to the ground, he leaped the walls, and sought the embraces of his wife. Before he could return, the granary of the fort accidentally caught fire; the garrison was aroused; no sentinel found on post! The fire was put out, and so was Albert—fearfully so; he at once accused Guernache of arson and attempted desertion. The drummer's lips were sealed, and he could but go to the "block-house." His jailor, a comrade named Lachane, could not resist his importunities to bring to the prisoner by night his Indian wife. For a short time her society alleviated the pangs of Guernache, but the stolen visits were discovered. Now the truth came out, and Albert, remembering the refusal in the dance, gloated over revenge. The hapless Indian maiden was publicly whipped.

Guernache was executed, and after her punishment his wife disappeared.

Albert's rage now turned on Lachane, the jailor. He was exiled to an island of sand, treeless and herbless, across an arm of the sea, and there left to die. Some comrades, however, secretly sought him, carrying food and water; he, too, was gone; but returning they encountered him. He had swum the wide bay, nerved with the power of semi-delirium, caused by exposure to the sun; and his thoughts were of revenge—revenge! His comrades themselves were tired of tyranny, and gave their co-operation. A plan was arranged to bring Albert, on the pretext of engaging in hunting, to the island where Lachane now was, where the latter should take his revenge on the tyrant commander. The plan was successful; Albert, in the midst of the excitement of a deer hunt, dies by the hand of Lachane, who wins for himself the title of DELIVERER.

Songs of Labor, and other Poems. By John G. Whittier. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

Memories of the Past. Poems. By Marcus T. Carpenter. New York: Baker & Scribner.

Poems of the Heart. By George W. S. Nicholson. Phila.: G. S. Appleton & Co.

POLITICAL Economy is the Tenth Muse who has brought, in these later times, a violent discredit on the other nine sisters; and by her

mechanical extravagances, without grace or decorum, excluded the entire family from many hearts and households. The wise ancients meant something when they symbolized the Patroness of Song in the guise of a lovely female; and it would have strained the vision of the keenest prophet of Greece, to have conjectured a time when an elderly gentleman in green glasses, with an ivory-headed cane, should assume the charge of the Fountain of Inspiration. Nothing has wrought a greater injury to Modern Poetry, and its reception with the People, than the constant publication of quasi-philanthropic Tracts in Verse. As a mere convenience, it is well, perhaps, to convey moralities in rhyme, as more direct and rememberable; but for our own part, we prefer to make a distinction between our meals and our medicine. There is a great deal of wholesome doctrine, for instance, in this little volume of Mr. Whittier's: mixed, it must be allowed, with not a little that is questionable in point of sense and propriety. There is at times a plain, honest way of stating truth which compels us to respect the writer: with gleams of sympathy and imagination that justify his position as one of the popular poetical producers of the day: as in the verses entitled

ICHABOD.

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his grey hairs gone
Forevermore!

Reville him not—the Tempter bath
A snare for all;
And plying tears, not scorn and wrath,
Bent his fall!

Oh! dumb be passion's stormy rage,
When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age,
Falls back in night.

Scorn! would the angels laugh, to mark
A bright soul driven,
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,
From hope and heaven!

Let not the land, once proud of him,
Insult him now,
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,
Dishonored brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,
From sea to lake,
A long lament, as for the dead,
In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, naught
Save power remains—
A fallen angel's pride of thought,
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes
The soul has fled:
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead!

Then, pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame;
Walk backward, with averted gaze,
And hide the shame!

The publication of Mr. Carpenter, while less artistic in its mere structure, finds a claim to respect in the right feeling with which his subjects are selected, and the patriotic warmth with which he writes on home topics. A fair average of the interest and character of his unpretending volume is presented in

MYSTIC SIDE.

When far in stranger lands we roam—
No friend or kindred near us—
Oh! then, when severed from our home,
And those whose hearts would cheer us,
How dear each act of kindness seems
From stranger hands extended:
They are like angels in our dreams,
From heaven to earth descended.

And fondly, through long, wintry years,
E'en when all hopes have perished,
The friends, which time the more endears,
Will in this heart be cherished;
The kind, warm friends who met me where
The Mystic tide is swelling,
Where high-souled honor—virtues rare
Have sought a cottage dwelling.

And never may within that bower
Come blighting care or sorrow:
May time so gently wield his power,
That there, each coming morrow
Will have new joys to be fulfilled,
Bright hopes from heaven descended,
And ne'er at Mystic Side be chilled
Those hopes, till life is ended.

Mr. Nicholson's volume is the production of the first frothy ebullition of youth. It shows a ready command of words with but little concentration of thought. Its sensibility and enthusiasm must be bottled down and mellowed before they become poetry for men. What are we to think in this practical age of the world, with all its serious affairs on hand and its stores of classic poetry accumulated for use, of a book which contains such a sentence as this in the preface:—"When I shall have prepared myself for the emergencies of life by gaining some solid, grave profession, then, provided the patrons of poetry encourage the flight of my young Muse, I may cull the bright gems of thought, which, like golden grains of rust, shall have accumulated on the volume of my pen; and with the sharpened point of experience, weave them in the loom of fancy, crossed with the threads of imagination, interspersed with the flowers of originality, into a decorated robe of poetry, meet for the eye of an amateur."

Lives of Eminent Literary and Scientific Men of America. By James Wynne, M. D. Appleton & Co.

THE subjects selected for these biographical sketches are every way worthy the distinction of the title. They include, on the side of Science, Franklin, Fulton, Rittenhouse, Eli Whitney; and for the professional literature of the law and the pulpit, Jonathan Edwards and Chief Justice Marshall. These lives are not without their marked contrasts and resemblances, and may not be inappropriately read together. The fund of prudence in Franklin may correct the somewhat unbalanced character of Fulton. The life of Rittenhouse illustrates the calm scientific career of the early Pennsylvania school of philosophers, among whom a certain quaker simplicity appears in its most amiable light. Marshall and Edwards had, under different circumstances, an equal force and individuality of character, and are sterling examples of the old, ante-revolutionary growth.

Mr. Wynne's narrative is plain, unpretending—and what is somewhat rare, free from biographical puffery. He tells, with sufficient clearness, the main incidents of the lives of his subjects, and occasionally introduces, as in Franklin's discoveries in electricity, and Fulton's experiments in steam navigation, necessary collateral information of the labors of others. His book is a useful synopsis in convenient form, of facts with which every American should be familiar. In the sketch of Marshall a minute account is given of President Adams' extraordinary mission to the French Directory and of the singular treatment its members, Pickney, Marshall, and Gerry, received under the diplomacy of Talleyrand. The difficulties of Edwards at Northampton are presented in a light which will hardly satisfy his puritan admirers, who will find more of principle and less of policy than does our author in these transactions.

The Literary Reader, for Academies and High Schools. By Miss A. Hall. Author of the "Manual of Morals." Boston: Jewett & Co.

A SENSIBLE introduction, on the essentials of

good reading, prefaces a judicious selection of passages from the best authors. These are arranged in a three-fold division: English Literature, American, and Foreign. The first department is an excellent and peculiar feature of this book in its resort to the "well of English undefiled" in the writings of the Old Authors. Sir Thomas More, Joseph Hall, Herbert, Howell, Chillingworth, and others, with whom the reader is generally left to make acquaintance, if at all, later in life, are here gracefully introduced with more familiar authors. In the other selections, novelty is given to the work by its selections from the latest productions of contemporaries.

A Voyage round the World, with a History of the Oregon Mission, and Notes of several years' residence on the Plains, bordering the Pacific Ocean: comprising an account of interesting adventures among the Indians west of the Rocky Mountains, to which is appended a full description of Oregon Territory, its Geography, History, and Religion; designed for the benefit of Emigrants to that rising country. By Rev. Gustavus Hines, late Missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church to Oregon. Buffalo. Derby & Co.

WE have given the long title of this book as an epitome of its contents. The voyage was the author's journey with the large missionary company which left New York for the Columbia River in the *Lausanne* in 1839. The sea incidents were of the usual character, a stoppage at Rio, again at Valparaiso, and a detour to the Sandwich Islands. In Oregon the author's first employment was an exploratory tour among the Indians of the Umpqua River, which empties into the Pacific. The tour supplies us with some geographical information, and a mixed account of the Indians, part of whom received the party graciously, while from a certain We-we and his brethren they were glad to escape. The tribe is limited in numbers, and evidently soon to be supplanted by a superior race. A journey from the Wallamette to Vancouver for supplies, and a subsequent more important one to the disaffected Indians above the Dalles, succeed. The latter supplies some interesting details of the fading race in its setting glories. An anecdote of an old Walla-walla chieftain has a savage grandeur:—One after the other, his family of five sons to the last had died. At the burial of the fifth he stood by the side of the grave, which had been prepared in the English fashion, and as he looked down upon the coffin, he was stirred to recite to his people the story of his life, his wars, his trophies, and, finally, his bereavements. He ended with the declaration that he would die with his son, and ordered the people to bury him in the same grave. He threw himself upon the coffin, and the command was executed.

After this the Sandwich Islands are again visited; there is a return to Oregon with missionary memorials; and the voyage around the world is completed by a visit to China, and thence from Hong Kong to New York. In several concluding chapters there is a careful account of the History of Oregon, and of its resources to emigrants.

Mr. Hines' account is plainly written, but he has the advantage of a comparatively unstudied field, and his book will be of interest, beyond the limits of his missionary friends, as a contribution to the local history of Oregon.

History of Darius the Great. By Jacob Abbott. Harpers.

In previous notices of the Abbott Series of

Histories, we have commented on the abundant tact shown in familiarizing the largest class of readers with theories and reflections generally confined too exclusively to the few. The department of ancient history has been limited in the reading market by a certain dryness and scholastic air. But the Abbots have found out a skilful method of tapping the old reservoirs of learning, and conveying their knowledge through agreeable modern channels to that vast body, the lovers of easy reading. In no form can so much be so readily learnt by the mass of readers of the historical facts and manners of antiquity. The "Alexander," "Julius Cæsar," "Hannibal," "Cyrus," "Darius," of this series, are a pleasant and desirable introduction of school boys to their classic studies, and an agreeable entertainment to the old who have never dog-eared the Commentaries, Xenophon, or Herodotus.

THE POSTILLION'S SERENADE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GRUTTE.

THE stage-coach through the forest
Rolls by at dead of night;
The passengers are sleeping,
But the Postillion's bright.

Before the forester's cottage
What means the Postillion's blast?
The passengers are startled,
They think, 'tis the station at last.

Such lovely airs his bugle
Sends up through the window clear,
It wakes the woodland-echoes,
And the moon comes out to hear.

Shine in, fair moon, at the window,
And let my darling see,
Glide through her dreams, fair moon-sprites,
To the posthorn's melody.

C. T. B.

THE GRAVE.

[From the German of Stolberg.]

LIFE's day is hot and close: thy night,
O Grave! is balmy, cool, and light!
Like fading leaves, thy friendly breath
Wafts us to silent shades of death.

The moonlight falls—the night dew steals
O'er graves as well as flowery fields;
And there the tears of friendship gleam
In starry hope's celestial beam.

In her soft lap, both great and small,
Our Mother Earth receives us all;
O would we look her in the face,
We should not dread that last embrace.

C. T. B.

SPRING REST.

[From Uhland.]

LAY me not down in the gloomy ground,
Not underneath the green grave-mound!
But oh, if buried I must be,
Down in the deep grass bury me!

In grass and flowers I fain would lie,
With a low flute-tone wailing by,
And the bright spring-clouds overhead
Sailing along,—there make my bed.

C. T. B.

REVOLUTIONARY BIOGRAPHY.

A Passage from the Life of Commodore Talbot, of Rhode Island, the subject of a new volume of biography by Mr. TUCKERMAN, to be published by J. C. Riker, Fulton street.

ATTACK OF A FIRE-SHIP ON THE HUDSON RIVER, 1776.

THE lovely harbor of this now great metropolis then offered a scene of rare and exciting interest. Riding at anchor in the vicinity of Staten Island, appeared the British fleet, with the army under Lord Howe. Every spar and line of cordage in those swarming battle-ships, was defined to the eye of the distant spectator, against the lucid azure of the sky; and, on

quiet nights, reflected to the gaze of the boatmen that haunted the adjacent shore. Their dark, massive hulls, and scowling cannon, wore a portentous aspect, and seemed to cast long and prophetic shadows upon the free waters into which they had ruthlessly intruded—significant of the years of bitter trial of which they were ominous harbingers.

Upon the heights of Brooklyn, at York Island, and Paulus Hook, rose the newly-heaped batteries of the Americans. Never smiled that lovely bay more cheerfully than during those clear days of that eventful spring. More solitary than at present, with its constantly plying steamers and forest of shipping, the position of the belligerents was plainly obvious. The comparative silence that hung over the broad waters, the fast-skimming clouds that, for a moment, darkened their crystal sheen, and the occasional furrows raised by sudden breezes that swept across them, stimulated the imagination of the lonely enthusiast who, from some isolated point, looked forth and mused upon the landscape.

It was evident that neither party had, as yet, determined upon its course. The considerate, on both sides, felt the importance of a successful blow, at the existent juncture; yet the actual state of the colonial defences was but partially known to their opponents, and a premature manœuvre might occasion temporary discomfiture, even in that well-appointed squadron. On the other hand, it was of the highest moment that the Americans should be assured of the readiness of our troops to cope with their formidable invaders. It was needful that the spell of vague alarm should be, in a measure, broken, which had been inspired by the presence of those destructive engines, whose thunders seemed to gather new potency from their long quiescence; whose shrouds and decks bristled with pikes and bayonets, and whose black and heavy sides contrasted vividly with the red hues of the soldiers' uniforms, grouped thickly at the port-holes and on the taffrails, as if impatient to pour forth upon the land so invitingly spread below and around. To one gallant heart, this inaction was especially irksome. Captain Talbot had obtained the command of a fire-ship and lay directly before the city, awaiting orders. To secure a more efficient position, and the better to disguise his purpose, he took advantage of a light wind, ascended the Hudson fifteen miles, and anchored just above Fort Washington.

For three days, in this romantic spot, he quietly awaited an opportune moment for action. On the one side, the banks of the noble river sloped gradually upwards, half-covered with low cedars, whose dark umbrage already wore the freshening tints of spring; on the other, like natural fortifications, rose the grey and upright rocks of the tufted palisades. Few dwellings were then visible; the ripple of the water on the pebbly shore was audible in the hush of the wind, and the tranquil and sequestered beauty of the scene gave no hint of the deadly preparations then making on board the unwelcome craft that swung so gently at her moorings. The lapse of a few hours after Captain Talbot had chosen his anchorage, evidenced the sagacity of his movements. Three of the enemy's ships, in order to protect the left of their army, in case of need, had shifted their ground from the harbor to a spot about half way between the mouth of the Hudson and the fire-ship. Orders were therefore soon forwarded to the latter to make a night attack. She was filled with combustibles, and besmeared with turpentine. Several trains of powder were laid; and

one of the crew was easily induced to strip himself, and lie down upon deck, with a lighted match, ready, at a moment's warning, to ignite the vessel.

At two o'clock in the morning they weighed anchor, and dropped slowly down with the tide. The nearest of the three ships was the Asia of sixty-four guns, whose tall spars and towering hull no sooner loomed upon the eager gaze of Captain Talbot's hardy band, than they steered directly for her broadside. Unsuspicious of any danger, it was but a moment before her little adversary had flung her grappling irons, that the Asia fired; and then a scene ensued that baffles description. From the depth, as it were, of profound silence, there echoed the reverberation of cannon, the cries of the wounded, and the piercing shouts of alarm and revenge. In an instant the darkness of a cloudy night gave place to a red flashing glare that revealed the fort, the waters, and the fields, with the distinctness of noonday; and brought into vivid relief the huge vessels of war now alive with their startled crews, who hastened to the relief of the Asia;—some pouring water on the rising flames, others disengaging the fire-ship from her side, and not a few intent at the guns, which hurled an incessant shower of balls at the boat in which the daring originator of this sudden conflagration, was propelled by his brave men towards the nearest shore. Although lighted in their aim by a pyramid of fire, of all the shot from the three vessels, but two struck the crowded bark of fugitives. Captain Talbot, however, in his anxiety to render the experiment certain, had lingered amid the burning timbers of the fire-ship, and was the last to escape, the seaman who applied the match having, according to a previous understanding, immediately jumped overboard and been picked up by his expectant comrades. When, therefore, the boat reached the Jersey shore in safety, the appearance of the gallant leader was frightful and his sufferings intense. His skin was blistered from head to foot, his dress almost entirely consumed, and his eye-sight gone.

Sadly, yet with gentle care, his humble companions in danger bore him through the solitary woods, in the grey, cold twilight of morning, to a thin but hospitable settlement then called the English Neighborhood; but, on their arrival, his dreadful condition so alarmed the children of the place, that no house would give him shelter. At last a poor and aged widow opened her cabin door, and allowed the weary and scorched bearers to lay him on the floor, and cover his tortured frame with a blanket. Fortunately, in the course of that day, two American officers, General Knox and Dr. Eustis, passed the vicinity on business; and hearing of the case, hastened to visit their countryman. The seasonable medical aid of the latter gentleman soon essentially relieved his anguish; and although for a considerable period deprived of vision, he was soon able to bear a removal to Hackensack, to await his convalescence. Meantime the Asia had been extricated, with great difficulty, from her perilous situation; and the bold enterprise that so nearly proved her destruction, created such apprehension and loss of confidence in the enemy, that they slipped their cables, fell down the river, and anchored below the city. The hopes of the Americans revived in the same proportion as those of the British were discouraged. So obvious, indeed, was the auspicious influence of this event, that by a resolution of Congress passed on the tenth of the ensuing October, this "spirited attempt," as it

was designated, of Captain Talbot, was made the occasion of a vote of thanks, and a special recommendation of that officer to the commander-in-chief, besides promoting him to the rank of Major.

DEATH'S JEST BOOK, OR THE FOOL'S TRAGEDY.
A Review from the *London Examiner*, of a newly published Dramatic production from the press of Pickering, a rare, modern revival of the grand imaginative style of the old English Dramatists.

The mere title of this dramatic poem recalls a play by Webster, or Cyril Tournear, and its contents more vividly reminds us of those great writers. But not as an imitation. The author of this extraordinary production is no imitator. He is a man of the most original genius. Lawless and unrestrained are his flights of imagination, his outlines of character careless or extravagant, and a madman's dream not more violent or improbable than his ideas of a story or a plot. Yet the book is a masterpiece of poetry—a perfect study of style for a young poet. We will commend it to the best attention of the rising generation of genius. It may show the author of the *Saints' Tragedy* that strength is not rudeness of writing, and the author of the *Roman* that superfluity of words is no help to eloquent expression. It is radiant in almost every page with passion, fancy, or thought, set in the most apposite and exquisite language. We have but to discard, in reading it, the hope of any steady interest of story, or consistent development of character, and we shall find a most surprising succession of beautiful passages, unrivalled in sentiment and pathos, as well as in terseness, dignity, and picturesque vigor of language; in subtlety and power of passion, as well as in delicacy and strength of imagination; and as perfect and various, in modulation of verse, as the airy flights of Fletcher's or Marlowe's mighty line.

We interrupt ourselves to quote a lyric, exquisite of the kind as anything we know.

If thou wilt ease thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then sleep, dear, sleep;
And not a sorrow
Hang any tear on your eyelashes;
Lie still and deep,
Sad soul until the sea-wave washes
The rim o' the sun to-morrow,
In eastern sky.
But wilt thou cure thine heart
Of love and all its smart,
Then die, dear, die;
'Tis deeper, sweeter,
Than on a rose bank to lie dreaming
With folded eye;
And then alone, amid the beaming
Of love's stars, thou'lt meet her
In eastern sky.

We have condemned the plot, and shall not attempt to describe it in any detail. Its foundation appears to be the fact that a certain Duke in Silesia was once stabbed to death by his court fool; and on this slight basis we have an accumulated superstructure of wickedness, weakness, tenderness, and horror, such as Webster, Decker, or Tournear would have rejoiced to raise. The leading idea is that of retribution. The Duke has gained his kingdom by murder, and becomes himself the victim of captivity and treason. Isbrand, one of the brothers of his dead wife (whose father's title he had usurped), is the fool of his court, hoarding purposes of vengeance; Wolfram, the other brother, had become his friend with the same dark design, but gradually abandons it as his affection for the Duke becomes real. The Duke is in captivity in Egypt when the drama opens, and is rescued by Wolfram; but a difference then arising about a girl, Sibylla, with whom both are in love, Wolfram is slain

by the false friend for whom he had made the most heroic sacrifices, and the subsequent action of the piece resolves itself into little more than the curse which thenceforward pursues the murderer. He returns to his kingdom in disguise to find his two sons, Adalmar and Athulf, grown up respectively to the most frightful excess of cruelty and of effeminacy; both engaged in conspiracies against him, lured on by Isbrand; and both in love with Amala, the daughter of his viceroy, as he and Wolfram had been with Sibylla. Driven thus from his hopes of life to desires beyond the grave, he engages an Egyptian slave and necromancer to re-animate his dead wife; but Wolfram is raised up instead of her, and the Duke's torture made complete. Then, maddened by rivalry in love, his effeminate son makes an attempt to slay himself, which does not succeed till after he has murdered his brother. Isbrand also meets a violent death; Amala dies; Sibylla is taken into Elysium by her former lover, Wolfram, now a spirit; and in sterner mood, the same ghostly spirit returns to usher the Duke into his living tomb—the condition on which his supernatural compact had been made by the necromancer. The stage is completely cleared. There are not even a few solitary survivors left to bury the dead as in the *Duchess of Malfi*.

But now let us show the reader in what noble, thoughtful, and finished verses, these monstrous fancies are set forth. Here is the soliloquy in which the Duke first meditates the murder of his friend:

Ha! What's this thought,
Shapeless and shadowy, that keeps wheeling round,
Like a dumb creature that sees coming danger,
And breaks its heart trying in vain to speak?
I know the moment: 'tis a dread of one,
Which in the life of every one comes once;—
When, for the frightened hesitating soul,
High heaven and living sin with promises
Bid and contend: oft the fluttering spirit,
Overcome by the fair fascinating fiend,
Gives her eternal heritage of life
For one crime, for one triumphant crime.—
Pitiful villain! that dost long to sin,
And dar'st not. Shall I dream my soul is bathing
In his reviving blood, yet lose my right,
My only health, my sole delight on earth,
For fear of shadows on a chapel wall
In some pale painted Hell?

... Hush! How still, how full, how lightly
I move since this resolve, about the place,
Like to a murder-charged thunder cloud
Lurking about the starry streets of night,
Breathless and masked,
O'er a still city sleeping by the sea.

Before this there had been a meeting of Wolfram and Sibylla, in which their passion is avowed, and we have an exquisite picture of happy, eager, impatient love:—

O come!
This talking is a pitiful invention:
We'll leave it to the wretched.

The subsequent dialogue of Wolfram and the Duke is also masterly. The Duke bids his rival from his path in love, commends him to worldlier quests, and throws off his friendship from him—

Speak thou no more of love,
No more of friendship here: the world is open:
I wish you life and merriment enough
From wealth and wine, and all the dingy glory
Fame doth reward those with, whose love-spurned hearts
Hunger for goblin immortality.
Live long, grow old, and honor crown thy hairs
When they are pale and frosty as thy heart.

—very fine is that expression—the dingy glory.

But now comes Wolfram's death. Sibylla is left alone; and, mourning her lover, would persuade her senses that he is not dead, but rather that he is

No more excepted from Eternity.
If he were dead I should indeed despair.
Can Wolfram die?—Ay, as the sun doth set:
It is the earth that falls away from light;

Fixed in the heavens, although unseen by us,
The immortal life and light remains triumphant.

She will sorrow, therefore, not for his death,
but for her life; she will not wrong his memory by mourning it; but she will consecrate her being

To that divinest hope, which none can know of
Who have not laid their dearest in the grave.

The simplicity of his language is profoundly affecting; and when the Duke tells them to

Cover the coffin up. This cold, calm star
Upon familiar features is most dreadful,

we are reminded of the deep sentiment of that unrivalled line in Webster,

Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle. She died young!

Also very beautiful, and most harmonious in verse, is the false friend's after-despair:

I have lost that hope,
For which alone I lived. Henceforth my days
Are purposeless; there is no reason further
Why I should be, or should let others be;
No motive more for virtue, for forbearance,
Or any thing that's good. The hourly need,
And the base bodily cravings, must be now
The aim of this deserted human engine.
Good may be in this world, but not for me;
Gentle and noble hearts, but not for me;
And happiness, and heroisms, and glory,
And love, but none for me. Let me then wander
Amid their banquets, funerals, and weddings,
Like one whose living spirit is Death's Angel.

When the Duke returns to his dukedom, and finds his sons conspiring against him, he soliloquizes thus. How the language teems with thought! These are the passages that remind us most of Cyril Tournemine:

Rebellion, treason, parricidal daggers!
This is the bark of the court dogs, that come
Welcoming home their master. My sons too,
Even my sons! O not sons, but contracts,
Between my lust and a destroying fiend,
Written in my dear at blood, whose date run out,
They are become death warrants. . . . Nature's polluted,
There's sin in every secret corner of her,
Doing damned wicked deeds. Thou art old, world,
A horrid atheistic murderous star:
I wish that thou would'st die, or could'st be slain,
Hell-hearted bastard of the sun.
O that the twenty coming years were over?
Then should I be at rest, where ruined arches
Shut out the troublesome ugliness of day;
And killers might be sitting on my tomb,
Telling how I did die.

He strives in vain to re-assure himself:

How strange it is that I can live to day;
Nay look like other men, who have been sleeping
On quiet pillows and not dream! Methinks
The look of the world's lie, a face made up
O'er graves and fifty depths; and nothing's true
But what is horrible. If man could see
The perils and diseases that he eludes,
Each day he walks a mile which each at him,
Which fall behind and graze him as he passes;
Then would he know that Life's single pilgrim,
Fighting un-armed among a thousand soldiers,
Is this infinite invisible
Which we must learn to know, and yet to scorn,
And, from the scorn of that, regard the world
As from the edge of a far star.

Equally vain are the arguments employed by his viceroy, the father of Amala; for when this sensible old man would remind him that the other world has its peace for the most wretched, and that the spirit of the wife he loved is there awaiting him, we have one of the most characteristic bursts in the play—fall of those thoughts which, as Hamlet so finely says, are beyond "the reaches of our souls."

Duke. Is this the silence
That I commanded! Fool, thou say'st a lesson
Out of some philosophic pedant's book.
I loved no desolate soul: she was a woman,
Whose spirit I knew only through those limbs,
Those tender members that I do dare despise;
By whose exhaustless beauty, lo! its love,
Trackless expression only, I did learn
That there was night, retirement and eternal;
Since they could come from such alone. Where is she?
Where shall I ever see her as she was?
With the sweet smile, she smiled only on me;
With those eyes full of thoughts, none else could see?
Where shall I meet that brow and lip with mine?
Hence with thy shadows! But her warm fair body,
Where's that? There, mouldered to the dust. Old man,
If thou dost dare to mock my ears again
With thy ridiculous, ghostly consolation,
I'll send thee to the blessing thou dost speak of.

For a reverse of this picture we turn to the

arguments with which Wolfram's spirit would draw away to death the living form he loved.

Wolfr. Lady, you called me.

Sibyl.

Wolfr.

The word was Comfort:

A name by which the master, whose I am,
Is named by many wise and many wretched.
Will you with me to the place where sighs are not;
A shore of blessing, which disease doth beat
Sea-like, and dashes those whom he would wreck
Into the arms of Peace? But ah! what say I?
You're young and must be merry in the world;
Have friends to envy lovers to betray you;
And feed young children with the blood of your heart,
Till they have sucked up strength enough to break it.
Poor woman! Art thou nothing but the straw
Bearing a heavy poison, and, that shed,
Cut down to be stamped on? But thou'rt it! th' blade
The green and milky sun-deceived grass:
So stand till the scythe comes, take shine and shower,
And the wind tell you gently.

He returns to her earnest bidding in a later scene—

Sibyl.

Thou art come to fetch me!

It is indeed a proof of boundless love,
That thou hadst need of me even in thy bliss,
I go with thee. O Death! I am thy friend,
I struggle not with thee, I love thy state:
Thou canst be sweet and gentle, be so now;
And let me pass praying away into thee,
As twilight still does into starry night.

Of the same gentle and exquisite beauty are such fancies as where the Egyptian slave says of her mistress sleeping that she is

trying on a garb
Which she must wear, sooner or later, long;
'Tis but a warmer lighter death.

—where the same thought afterwards is repeated in another form by the villain of the poem, who speaks of his love for night and the soul's solitude

While half mankind
Lie quiet in earth's shade and repose death.

—where first and second love are compared:

Oft first love must perish;
Like the poor snow drop, noish love of Spring,
Born pale to die, and strew the path of triumph
Before the imperish glowing of the rose,
Whose passion conquers all.

—where Sibylla, before her sorrow, is described by the Duke:

When first I met her in the Egyptian prison,
She was the rosy morning of a woman;
Beauty was rising, but the starry grace
Of a calm childhood might be seen in her.

—where the girl who captivates the brothers, Amala, is described by the one as a

joyous creature
Whose life's first leaf is hardly yet uncurled.

—where, by his more imaginative brother, she is spoken of as not alone of all charms compact, but of beauty still radiating outward; for,

when she moves, you see,
Like water from a crystal overfilled,
Fresh beauty tremble out of her and laws
Her fair sides to the ground

—and where, in the same description, the speaker dwelling on single graces of other beauties of the Court to exaggerate her ampler perfections, talks of some

slender hand
Seen between harp strings gathering music from them.

This poor Amala is about to be wedded to one of the brothers, but her bridesmaids are too deeply interpenetrated with the spirit of the tragedy to leave her with any fond illusions of happiness.

Bridesmaid. Amala, good night:
Thou'rt happy. In these high delightful times,
It does the human heart much good to think
On deepest woe, which may be waiting for us,
Masked even in a marriage-hour. . . . Take this flower
from me,
(A white rose, fitting for a wedding gift),
And lay it on your pillow. Pray to live
So fair and innocently; pray to die,
Leaf after leaf, so softly.

Soon the foreshadowed evil comes. She is to wed the warrior Adalmar, and the courtier Athulf takes poison in despair. At this point the brothers have a striking encounter.

Athulf.

The cup,

I've drunk myself immortal.

Adalm. You are poisoned!
Athulf. I am blessed, Adalmir. I've done't myself.
 'Tis nearly passed, for I begin to hear
 Strange, but sweet sounds, and the loud rocky dashing
 Of waves, where time into Eternity
 Falls over ruined worlds. The wind is fair,
 The boat is in the bay,
 And the fair mermaid-pilot calls away.

Even at this instant, however, it falls to the lot of Athulf to learn that he might still have possessed the love of the girl for whose supposed lost love he has taken poison, and that his self-inflicted death has but opened fortune to his brother:

—And I am dying like a rat,
 And he shall drink his wine, twenty years hence,
 Beside his cherished wife, and speak of me
 With a compassionate smile!

Yet again he is mistaken, and it is not poison after all. The Egyptian slave knew the effeminate youth, and had given but a sleeping potion. Very striking is this—

Why, think you that I'd deal a benefit
 So precious to the noble as is death?
 To such a pampered drowsing of delight
 As he that shivers there?

At times, too, this very weakness of spirit is made beautiful, as where Athulf tells his tempter that all the minutes of his life to come are "sands of a great desert," into which he finds himself "banished brokenhearted."

Shakespeare has a fine expression of a man worn out with fatigue, that he could snore upon a flint; but it is hardly finer than Athulf's character of his wild, restless, over active brother, Adalmir, that he is "sore upon a couch." Often, too, in the course of the play, we have such touches of grim humor as where Isbrand remembers to have seen Adalmir

scratch out of life

A blotted Moor.

—or where he tells his courtier tool:

To-morrow is the greatest fool I know,
 Excepting those who put their trust in him.

But where he talks to his fellow-conspirator of their plot, Isbrand takes a yet higher flight—

Now see you how this dragon egg of ours
 Swells with its ripening plot? Methinks I hear
 Snaky rebellion turning restless in it,
 And with its horny jaws scraping away
 The shell that hides it.

So in the passage where he calls ivy "that creeping darkness," and speaking of a company of immortals, describes them as

Oak-bound and laurelled heads, each man a country.

Another fine specimen of these elemental thoughts and expressions is where the Egyptian slave speaks of

To whom life is as death to me; who were
 Ere our grey ancestors wrote history;
 When these our ruined towers were in the rock;
 And our great forests, which do feed the sea
 With storm-souled fleets, lay in an ocean's cup;
 When all was seed that now is dust—

—where the Duke, on the eve of a disastrous meeting, finds it

still and cold, and nothing in the air
 But an old grey twilight, or of eve or morn,
 I know not which, dim as futurity,
 And sad and hoary as the ghostly past—

—where the memory of his captivity breaks into that vivid picture of the horse of the desert:

... thou, coy arrowy creature,
 Startest like sunrise up, and from thy mane
 Shaking shreds the dews of slumber, boundest
 With sparkling hoof along the scattered sands
 The living day in liberty and light.

—where the enthusiast for Roman freedom relies on the certainty of retribution:

It will come;
 But when, I know not. Liberty, whose shade
 Attends, smiles still in patience, and that smile
 Melts tyrants down in time—

—where Isbrand describes himself to Athulf as of a sort not given to affections; and counsels him, if he would wound his foe, to get swords that pierce the mind:

let true hate
 Leap the flesh wall, or fling his fiery deeds
 Into the soul.

—and again, and finally, where Isbrand says of the banquet, while the hour of his revenge is coming nigh:

Why, this is right: while men are here,
 They should keep close and warm and thick together,
 Many abreast. Our middle life is broad;
 But birth and death, the turnstiles that admit us
 On earth and off it, send us, one by one,
 A solitary walk

Earlier in the drama, the conspirators had fitly met and caroused in the churchyard—of whose emblems and types of mortality the writer is as fond as was ever his immortal predecessor, the parish clerk of St. Andrew's, Holborn. Isbrand is quite at home amid the yews and graves, and only grieves that the ghosts appear so coy to join their company. But we have not space to quote what we could have wished from this extraordinary scene.

The reader will have observed throughout our extracts the invariably happy use of the best phrases; and often we have that employment of words suggesting subtle analogies of feeling and thought, painting at once a picture and a passion, in which Shakespeare is fond of indulging. We could multiply instances, and at least we must give the ingenious one at the opening of the poem, where the exultant slave, describing the unconscious service done them by the Lion in the desert, and the wine obtained by his means, exclaims,

Long live the Lion! we'll drink his saucy health.

Undoubtedly some of the most complete and striking passages are placed in the mouth of Isbrand. How fine is this where he speaks of Falsehood—

O Lie, O Lie, O lovely lady Lie,
 They told me that thou art the devil's daughter.
 Then thou art greater than thy father, Lie:
 For while he mopes in Hell, thou queen'st it bravely,
 Ruling the earth under the name of Truth—

—how grand the intensity with which he breathes out his hatred:

And, see that Duke!
 My life is hate of him; and, when I tread
 His neck into the grave, I shall, methinks,
 Fall into ashes with the mighty joy.
 Or be transformed into a winged star:
 That will be all eternal heaven distilled
 Down to one thick rich minute. This sounds madly,
 But I am mad when I remember him.

—and, finer than all, the gloomy and daring spirit with which he apostrophizes vengeance to sustain his terrible purpose:

But I will turn my bosom now to thee,
 Brutus, thou saint of the avenger's order:
 Refresh me with thy spirit, or pour in
 Thy whole great ghost. I-brand, thou tragic fool,
 Cheer up. Art thou alone? WHY SO SHOULD BE
 CREATORS AND DESTROYERS.

The whole range of the Elizabethan drama has not a finer expression than that—nor indeed does any single work of the period, out of Shakespeare, exhibit so many rich and precious bars of golden verse, side by side with such poverty and misery of character and plot, as we have thus drawn out into our page for the pleasure of the reader. Nothing can be meaner than the design, nothing grander than the execution. But it has been rather our object to show how great the writing is in this particular instance, than to venture upon that general critical ground which would take in nearly the whole compass of the elder English drama.

We must frankly say, in conclusion, that we are not acquainted with any living author who could have written the *Foot's Tragedy*, and though the publication is unaccompanied by any hint of authorship, we believe that we are correct in stating it to be a posthumous production of the author of the *Bride's Tragedy*, Mr. Thomas Lovell Beddoes. Speaking of the

latter production, now more than a quarter of a century ago (Mr. Beddoes was then, we believe, a student at Pembroke College, Oxford, and a minor), the *Edinburgh Review* ventured upon a prediction of future fame and achievement for the writer, which an ill-chosen and ill-directed subsequent career unhappily intercepted and baffled. But in proof of the noble natural gifts which suggested such anticipation, the production before us remains; and we may judge to what extent a more steady course and regular cultivation would have fertilised a soil, which, neglected and unweeded for, has thrown out such a glorious growth of foliage and fruit as this *Foot's Tragedy*.

THE VICES OF ENGLISH COMIC LITERATURE.

[From "SOCIAL ASPECTS," a new Speculative Reform Book, written by John Storey Smith, author of "Misanthropy, a Life History," and just published in London.]

EVERY one, who observes and reflects at all, must have remarked the vast increase of comic writings in periodical, magazine, and book. In all preceding eras, facetious and comic compositions constituted a small proportion of the publications of the day. They were a wholesome spice among other graver labors; an amusement to be taken, as a man harassed by business seeks relief in an occasional ball or opera. And this was, and must ever be, their healthy proportion. But now such is not the case; comicallities of all kinds are regarded as a staple commodity of popular book-publishers, and take their place, equal in numbers and quadruple in circulation, with all other departments of literature.

The "Pickwick Papers" have had an enormous and a pernicious influence on the reading community. I do not speak it in any disparagement of that most masterly book, or of its brilliant and generous author. The fault was in the age, and the predisposition of the people. There are times when food, highly nutritious in itself, through hidden unsoundness in the eater, awakens grievous maladies. So with Pickwick. It came forth as a true spring from the hidden waters of humor, which underlie all things, animate or inanimate; and as men cannot but be captivated with whatever is genuine, they went wild in their admiration of it, and its author deservedly took his place with Cervantes, Rabelais, and Richter, as one of the master humorists of the world. Unfortunately, however, it aroused a latent thirst for frivolity and light-mindedness, such as none could have imagined would ever find even a passing lurking-place in the sturdy Saxon character; and since then we have had little else than one immense demand for books professing to be of the humorous vein, and a corresponding deluge of the most multifarious assortment of comic inanities ever produced since the invention of movable types.

If the demand and supply had been formed of the same sterling quality as constituted the characteristic of the originator of this taste, the prospect might have been brighter; though, even then, for unsober writing of any kind, however masterly, to have a large territory in national literature, augurs little soberness in the people. But, unfortunately, that has not been the case. Between the genius of Dickens and the shallow, grinning shippanees of his thousand and one imitators, there is as glaring a difference as between Richter and a circus clown. Dashing off-handness, rattling effrontery, forced comicallity, and an unvarying groundwork of levity, are the chief ingredients in these shoals of popular bagatelles. Life is regarded as a mere mountebank feast, to provoke nothing higher or deeper than a pun or a

paradox. Good and evil are alike made laughable: clothed, at least, in a garment of the ludicrous. The haughty peer, the man-atheist—the grubbing miser—the drunken rake—the light girl of the ballet—are all spoken of with the same complacent flippancy; postured and distorted till a remunerative number are led to smile.

This element is by no means confined to its most natural province of tales and sketches. Perhaps in its more undisguised phases it is beginning to pall, and, consequently to wane. It has impregnated works not professedly comic, and rules over provinces one would have imagined to be safe from such pollution. It has entered into the highest walks of literature, into the region of present human history, which is travel, and into past records, which is history proper. Herodotus travelled into Egypt, impressed with the dignity of his errand and the sacredness of his self-appointed mission. Our decade furnishes us with numerous instances of the precise converse to Herodotus. We have innumerable instances of men of intellect setting forth to explore foreign countries with the predetermination to write a facetious record of their experiences. One of the chief minds of the time has even so fallen; a mind which, in other provinces, has won for itself, it would appear, a lasting standing in the classics of our land. We find him setting forth upon a voyage to Egypt, Greece, and Palestine, with a preconcerted design of a comic recital of his impressions and adventures. Let them be what they might, a comic volume is definitively understood to be the certain result. One would have imagined that a frame of mind more of the Herodotus vein was alone adapted to such a tour. True, that the forced sentimentality of affected tourists demanded castigation; true, that they were sickly and absurd; but it is infinitely better that a man, before visiting such places, should force himself into an atmosphere of unnatural romantic seriousness, than force himself into an also equally unnatural spirit of universal levity. The strain of mind which could lead a man, when standing in Athens, amid its venerable relics, to have no thought more in unison with the associations it should enkindle than a little badinage about fleas abounding, and Turkish Zuleikas taking Morrison's pills, and when upon the great pyramid to entertain equally elevated thoughts—is a strain of mind to be viewed with sorrowful regret; the more so, as it existed not in any mere facetious hack, but in a high-hearted, brave, and generous man.

Nor is this the worst; we have another literator actually selecting, as *his* share in the mighty achievements to be accomplished by the press, the compilation of a "Comic History of England," in two considerable volumes. Not a humorous, *bond fide* performance, as such an attempt might so well and so usefully have been, but a mere series of plays upon words, modern slang, and general buffoonery. Comic grammars, sketch-books, tales, travels, and essays,—these were bearable, if not enjoyable; but a "Comic History of England!" What a satire upon the literary aspects of the age that one book, issuing from the most popular literary clique, furnishes us with! A friend of ours, a stern old Covenanter, who regards this day of infidelity, as he justly calls it, with a grim contempt, on stumbling upon that work in a publisher's shop, not long ago, turned to the shopman with the question, "And when, sir, will ye bring out the Comic Bible?" The reproof was daring, but not by any means too severe; and the speech lies here recorded as a suggestion.

FACTS AND OPINIONS.

JOHN INMAN, late editor (and former associate with Colonel Stone) of the *Commercial Advertiser*, and intimately associated with the literary interests of the day, from his position as a journalist, and for many years confidential "reader" of the Messrs. Harper, died in this city on Friday of last week, at the age of forty seven. Ill health had compelled his retirement from an active newspaper life some months since. He had been twenty years connected with the New York Press, for the most of the time with the *Commercial*. He was brother to the distinguished painter, and related by marriage to the gifted theatrical family of the Fishers. Within a certain walk of literature and political discussion, Mr. Inman possessed great tact and unremitting industry. His style was careful and moderate. A collection from his writings would probably show a greater range of ability than the public has suspected. On one occasion, we remember, he wrote an entire number of the *Columbian Magazine*, tales, poems, sketches, essays, critiques, &c. We trust to see from the press of the Harpers a suitable monument to his memory, in an adequately prepared memoir and selection from his writings.

Mr. James the novelist, who, since his arrival in America, has taken up his residence in the vicinity of this city, is about to appear before the public in a new light. He will, we understand, commence immediately a course of six lectures on "the History of Civilization"—a subject which will demand a philosophic treatment, while it will admit the distinguished author's happiest powers of expression in picturesque detail. These lectures are new, and will be delivered for the first time in this city. They will be listened to with interest by our citizens.

During the past summer, while many of our artists have been pursuing their "pleasant toil," sketching in the country, two of that hard-working class, Messrs. May and Kyle, have been busy in town, enjoying such scenes as their pencils could create, aided by the pen of that "glorious old dreamer," John Bunyan. The story of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, on some thousands of feet of canvas, is a novelty which should prove attractive. We learn that it is now so nearly completed, that preparations are in progress for its exhibition early in October. Besides the designs for the work by the artists above named, the services of Darley, Church, Cropsey, Duggan, and Dallas, have been secured, and Huntington has kindly offered the use of his celebrated pictures, an array of names which creates a lively interest for the appearance of the panorama, and seems a safe guarantee of its success.

The reception of Jenny Lind by the sovereign people on Sunday, at the arrival of the Atlantic, was an American prolongation (with the implied additions) of the European furore which attended her movements down to her smuggled exit to the steamer at Liverpool. Mr. Barnum emerging from Canal street on the box of the carriage containing Jenny Lind on a back seat, half smothered in flowers, from the crowd, was a Napoleonic triumph. The sayings of Jenny at sight of the flag and the bay were all that the most exacting penny-a-liners could have expected. The finale of the twenty-four hours in the serenade of the Musical Fund, wound up to a sublime pitch of enthusiasm at the tapping of the fair Jenny's fingers to Yankee Doodle, with the audience of thousands about, remains a thing not to be forgotten. Now for the concerts and the song from the committee. It is intimated that the "Nightingale" will appear immediately before the completion of the Hall, probably at Castle Garden, and apropos to the "best song writer," Messrs. Appleton advertise "BARNUM'S PARNASSUS, being Confidential Disclosures of the Prize Committee on the Jenny Lind Song, with specimens of the leading American poets in the happiest effulgence of their genius, and respectfully dedicated to the American Eagle!"

The Theatrical Event of the past week was the

arrival of Miss CUSHMAN, to which incident particular point was imparted by her appearance at Niblo's on Friday evening, having played in Liverpool the night before her departure; so that the Atlantic is little more than a bridge, on which the traveller appears at one moment at one end, at another moment at the other end. The audience was large: crowding every part of the house; and compelling the curious to perch on chair-tops for a view of the stage. Miss CUSHMAN was warmly welcomed, and played her well-known chief part of "Meg Merrilies," with her accustomed originality and power."

In the late revolutions in Europe, says the *Courier and Enquirer*, in an article on Mr. Mann's Diplomatic Mission to Switzerland, our representatives were constantly applied to by public men for advice and assistance; and, to our shame, at least four fifths of these representatives were incapable of giving either with effect, on account of their ignorance of the language, the character, and the wants of the people. There is every reason to believe that, if the United States of America had been properly represented by proper men in Europe, for the last three years, many an excess and many a blunder, which now disgrace the name of liberty, would never have occurred. Our counsels would have proved invaluable had they been as freely and wisely rendered as they were promptly and deferentially solicited.

Professor W. R. Johnson stated, at the scientific convention the other day, that the stone of which the Washington monument is built, is among the poorest building material to be found in the United States, that it sustains a pressure of only about two thousand pounds to the square inch, marble sustaining nine thousand pounds, and that if carried to the projected height, it will fall by its own weight. This, adds the *Evening Post*, will be good news to all those who see in the design of the monument, one of the most outrageous violations of good taste that was ever put upon a long-suffering people.

The Massachusetts *Quarterly Review*, it is stated, has been discontinued for lack of support. It was an able production, and some of its vigor, without its ultraism, would be a desirable legacy for many of its survivors. The pros and cons of the conservative and reformer are thus summed up on the occasion, by Mr. Raymond, in the *Courier*:—"A strong, wild, reckless reformer, who deluges the public with his complaints of all existing arrangements, and with demands for a reconstruction of everything, if he could always obtain the public ear, and enlist the public attention, would soon turn society topsy-turvy. His logic or his rhetoric would be too strong for the public mind. But men do not like to be troubled with such incessant exhortations. They do not like the labor of thinking over all these matters, and listening to these complaints: so, after finding out what he is driving at, they quietly and gradually let him drop. They stop buying his magazine or his books; and as he cannot print them gratis, and would find it useless to print without readers, his enterprise fails, and his operations cease. It is thus that society defends itself against much of the reforming innovation of the day. But, on the other hand, when men thus refuse to read everything except what echoes their own sentiments, they cease to grow wiser. It does a man no good to read simply his own notions, or to listen to his own opinions;—he acquires by it no wider views, no more accurate knowledge. He does not learn to compare his opinions with those of others, or to detect the grounds of their soundness or their errors. It might not be quite safe for everybody to read everything,—for many men, by such a process, would simply become unable to hold any opinions at all. But men who are in the habit of thinking, and who have any fixed principles to guide their thought, should never confine their reading to books which express simply their own sentiments. They will inevitably become thereby conceited, obstinate, and weak."

The editorial correspondent of the *Christian Enquirer* furnishes a few paragraphs on the

house, Iranistan, and on the personal philosophy of the just now most observed man of the day—P. T. Barnum:—"The grounds are spacious, and under excellent culture; whilst, instead of the usual churlish notice to wayfarers to keep out of the way, a very hospitable invitation salutes the stranger, and invites him to walk about at his pleasure, if he will only let things alone. From the dome of the house, a noble prospect is at command from a series of windows, the lights of which are so arranged as to produce very singular optical effects. A blue-tinted glass gave to the exuberant summer landscape the effect of mid-winter—the green grass seeming to be stiff with frost, and the streets crisp with snow. Barnum is very hospitable, and in Bridgeport does the part of a generous, public-spirited citizen. If as a caterer to the public appetite for amusement, he sometimes strains a point, we must remember that our politicians carry out the doctrine of availability further and less innocently than this Napoleon of showmen. He is no martyr to any theoretic standard, but has a modest respect for public opinion. If our people really loved to see literary antiquities, or natural curiosities, Barnum would quit his search for little men, fat women, mammoth bull frogs, monster whales, and nondescript horses, and set up an establishment that would rival the British Museum, or the Surrey Gardens. His talk is very amusing, and after listening to him an hour, we thought we could add a new chapter to La Bruyère, or Rochefoucault, in their delineations of our poor human nature. He understands certain organs of Brother Jonathan wonderfully well, and has found, moreover, that Father Bull is constituted pretty much like his enterprising son. The curiosities that began their career in Broadway, have found very hearty admirers in the palace of St. James, and among the magnates of England."

Already, writes the Paris correspondent of the *London Literary Gazette*, is the full effect of the new law on the Press beginning to make itself felt, although it has only been in operation a very few days. A semi-literary, semi-quizzical weekly publication, called *La Silhouette*, has had the extreme good luck, by neglecting to have its sheets duly stamped, to incur penalties to the tune of 6000*l.* sterling,—not a farthing less. Being a non-political and very harmless journal, it thought that it need not get stamps put on a poor romance, published piecemeal in the *feuilleton* form. Judge, then, of the dismay into which unfortunate editors and proprietors were plunged, when the tax-office crew presented a "little account" for six thousand pounds penalty. The immediate annihilation of the journal was, of course, the consequence. Other literary, quasi-literary, and theatrical journals, are also in the agony of death; and a whole host of scientific periodicals, deeming it impossible to live under the law, have "not stood on the order of their going, but gone at once." As for the political papers, they are bearing up as well as they can; but the best of them are awfully discouraged; the second best, feeling the ground rickety, are trying to bribe the public to subscribe by offering by wholesale what they call "premiums of books;" and the third best, never very stout on their legs, are turning their faces to the wall, as the preliminary to giving up the ghost as decently as possible. The poor provincial journals are, however, in the most pitiable plight,—they are literally dropping off like rotten sheep. The extra stamp placed on journals which publish romances in their *feuilletons* is making newspaper proprietors exercise all their ingenuity to evade it, without letting their readers perceive it. Thus some of them give biographies, couched in as dramatic a form as possible; others give travels; others fall back on reviews, written in sprightly style; some give the text of popular comedies, and so on. But sooner or later this *supercherie* will be seen through; and it will remain to be ascertained whether that somewhat cross and always very exacting animal, the subscriber, will be content at being deprived of his usual daily feed of trashy romances.

How strange a destiny, remarks the London

correspondence of the *Mirror* on the new publication of a new edition of "Godolphin," "is that of Bulwer, who, with all his Voltairian shrewdness and worldly wisdom, is totally foiled in his life's ambition—political distinction. True, there is occasional incense offered to his by-gone legislative celebrity, in the dedication to him as framer of the Dramatic Authors' Copyright Bill, of Jerrold's 'Cat-paw' and the like; but he is as much forgotten as though he had never been in Parliament, and with all the vacancies that are every day occurring everywhere, one never hears of this brilliant and accomplished man being asked to offer himself for any place, though at one time he was of sufficient parliamentary importance to officiate as political godfather to D'Iraëli; and to do Sir Edward's prescience justice, he predicted great things in the New Monthly (of which he was then the radical editor) of the 'Wonderful Boy,' whose 'Alroy' was then astonishing the lieges. If it were not for his late unlucky declaration of want of faith in the vitality and progressiveness of Free Trade principles, Bulwer might have been invited to represent the metropolitan borough of Lambeth, which last week elected a Mr. Williams, a very different kind of person."

A Frankfurt journal states that the colossal statue of Bavaria, by Schwanthaler, which is to be placed on the hill of Scuddling, surpasses, in its gigantic proportions, all the works of the moderns. It will have to be removed in pieces from the foundry where it is cast to its place of destination, and each piece will require sixteen horses to draw it. The great toes are each half a metre in length. In the head two persons could dance a polka very conveniently, while the nose might lodge the musician. The thickness of the robe—which forms a rich drapery descending to the ankles—is about six inches, and its circumference at the bottom about two hundred metres. The crown of Victory which the figure holds in her hands weighs one hundred quintals (a quintal is a hundred weight).

The reviving taste for costly jewelry is noticed by the London correspondent of the *Liverpool Albion*, on a visit to one of its fashionable purveyors:—"While looking in at the establishment of the manufacturer, Mr. Hancock, of Bruton street, late of Storr and Mortimer's, your Correspondent picked up some commercial information of a kind that doesn't usually find its way into the market columns of *The Albion*, and which may be of no small interest to some of your more susceptible readers; viz. diamonds are up, and going up prodigiously. Hancock showed the writer a pair of ear-rings price £6,000, that would not have brought within a third of that amount two years ago. So with pearls and all other precious stones; and the taste in setting is becoming correspondently extravagant; and the desire for out-of-the-way bijouterie not less so, black pearls and diamonds included. Black, you exclaim! Yes, quite as black, and twice as brilliant as Warren's jet. What do you think of a little rough diamond, about the size and color of a small ebony marble, of the value in that state of £50! and of the worth of black pearls you may judge, when to one necklace composed of them there is a diamond pendant, and that only straw colored, price £500. The money value of the stock of this kind is perfectly incredible, considering the almost microscopic space it occupies, a single case exceeding £50,000. These enormously costly articles, but more especially in the dressing-case line, are chiefly for the Russian nobility, whose appreciation of such matters is mainly guided by the immensity of pecuniary outlay in their acquisition. Hence it is not unusual for a Russian prince to give £1200, and even £2000, for a dressing-case, which, to be sure, when opened out, makes a whole toilet service, covering a large table, and the phiz of the Tartan Adonis is reflected to a hair, a thousand times over, in burnished silver, and crystal, and gold. Hancock is purveyor of these and the like commodities to the court of St. Petersburg, and hence he was selected by Prince Demidoff to manufacture the

sumptuous silver mess-box that personage lately presented to the Hon. Colonel Maule, of the 79th Highlanders, as an acknowledgment of civilities received from the officers while at Gibraltar. Don Offs and Ons, and Ouskys, and Pouskys, and Wowakys may be encountered by the dozen at Bruton street, and there you may learn the tariff of all the treasures of *vertu* throughout Europe, from the toe of the last statue dug up at Herculanum, to the Cabal Mountain of Light, with the sight whereof her Majesty now regales her Windsor guests after dinner occasionally. It appears that its value has been even underrated, or rather the value of the set of diamonds whereof the Mountain forms the centre of three; for it seems that the brilliant on either side of it is worth £10,000. Lord Normanby is the authority for the accuracy of this appraisement, and a more learned connoisseur than Constantine in such matters doesn't live, though even he shrinks from computing the worth of the 'Mountain' as something too staggeringly stupendous for the pecuniary comprehension of Englishmen."

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LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Hows, the accomplished dramatic critic of the *Albion*, has retired from that journal, to which he has contributed one of its most attractive portions for seven years, to re-appear again, however, immediately in his old literary circles as a leading writer in "Figaro; or, Corby's Chronicle of Amusements," a new weekly journal in which he maintains an independent and unrestricted position. His contributions to the first number are marked by his well known zeal and fidelity in behalf of the better interests of the drama, and the remainder of the new journal has variety with the latest news.

The twelfth and concluding number of the Massachusetts Quarterly Review is published to-day by Coolidge & Wiley. This work has been under the editorial charge of the Rev. Theodore Parker, who says, in his farewell to his readers, that the work "has never become what its projector designed that it should be;" and he expresses a hope that "some new journal will presently be started here, in the heart of New England, in a more popular form, which will promote the great ideas of our times, by giving them an expression in literature, and so help them to a permanent organization in the life of mankind."—*Boston Transcript*.

BULWER commences in the September Blackwood, a new serial story: "My Life; or Varieties in English Life, by Pisistratus, Jr.," a sequel to the *Caxtons*.

The National Temperance Offering, and Sons and Daughters of Temperance Gift, edited by S. F. Cary,—a holiday presentation-book for 1851—is now ready by R. Vandien. It contains 16 illustrations on steel, engraved by Sartain, Sadd, and Doney, from portraits and designs by Root, Brady, and Matteson. Among the portraits are Father Mathew, Horace Greeley, Dr. Lyman Beecher, and the Editor.

Mr. Sampson Low, Jr., of London, the son of the publisher we presume, is the author of a new, useful publication—the most comprehensive work of its class—on the Charitable Institutions of London, Benevolent, Educational, and Religious. The number of these active and permanent, apart from local charities, is stated by Mr. Low at four hundred and ninety-one.

LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, Phila., have in preparation, to be ready this month,—The Women of the Old and New Testament, with illustrations, 1 vol. 12mo. The American Female Poets, 1 vol. 8vo. The British Female Poets, 1 vol. 8vo. The Broken Bracelet, and other Poems, by Mrs. Esling. Scenes in the Life of Our Saviour, 1 vol. 12mo. Treasured Thoughts from Favorite Authors, arranged by Miss Caroline May. Scriptural Quotations in Poetry and Prose, by the Rev. H. Hastings Weld.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES FROM THE 24TH OF AUG. TO SEPT. 6.

- Abbott (Jacob).—The History of Darius the Great. 1 vol. 12mo pp. 296 (Harper & Bros.)
 Alexander (J. A.).—The Paulins; Translated and Explained. Vol. 2. 12mo. pp. 349 (Baker & Scribner).
 Animal Life, Curiosities of, as Developed by the Recent Discoveries of the Microscope. 12mo. pp. 128 (Lane & Scott).
 Baker (Sarah).—Christian Effort; or, the Duty of Individual Labor for the Salvation of Souls. 18mo. pp. 271 (Lane & Scott).
 Bell (Wm. Maria).—Julia Howard: a Romance. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 113 (Harper & Bros.)
 Carlyle (Thomas).—Latter Day Pamphlets. No. VIII.—Jesuitism. (Harper & Bros.)
 Carpenter (M. T.).—Memories of the Past. Poems. 12mo. (Baker & Scribner).
 Cicero (M. Tullius).—Orations; with Notes. By E. A. Johnson. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 459 (D. Appleton & Co.)
 Dictionary of Mechanics, Engine Work, and Engineering. Edited by Oliver Byrne. No. 16, pp. 48 (D. Appleton & Co.)
 Dublin University Magazine. No. 212, August, 1850. (Dexter & Brother).
 Everett (Edward).—Orations and Speeches on various occasions. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 1342 (Boston: Little and Brown).
 Gerhard (W. W., M.D.).—The Diagnosis, Pathology, and Treatment of the Diseases of the Chest. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 351 (Phila.: Barrington & Haswell).
 Hall (A.).—The Literary Reader, for Academies and High Schools. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 408 (Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co.)
 Hines (Rev. Gustavus).—A Voyage Round the World, with a History of the Oregon Mission: and Notes of several Years' Residence on the Plains, &c. 12mo. pp. 437 (Buffalo: George H. Derby & Co.)
 Iconographic Encyclopedia. Part XI. (Rudolph Garigue).
 Jewish Nation; containing an Account of their Manner and Customs, &c. With Engravings. 12mo. pp. 416 (Lane & Scott).
 Lodge (Edmund).—Portraits of Illustrious Personages of Great Britain. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 30 (London, H. G. Bohn; N. Y., Bangs, Brother & Co., Agents).
 March (Charles W.).—Reminiscences of Congress. 12mo. pp. 295 (Baker & Scribner).
 Methodist Almanac for 1851. 12mo. pp. 60 (Lane and Scott).
 Nicholson (Geo. W. S.).—Poems of the Heart. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 120 (Phila.: G. S. Appleton).
 Simms (W. G.).—The Lily and Totem; or, the Huguenots in Florida: a Series of Sketches, picture-que and historical, of the Colonies of Coligny, in North America, 1532–1570. 12mo. pp. 470 (Baker & Scribner).
 Smith (Geo.).—The Hebrew People; or, the History and Religion of the Israelites from the Origin of the Nation to the Time of Christ. 8vo. pp. 614 (Lane & Scott).
 Smith (Rev. D.).—Anecdotes and Illustrations of the Christian Ministry. Compiled by Rev. Daniel Smith. 18mo. pp. 428 (Lane & Scott).
 Sweetser (Win. M.D.).—Mental Hygiene; or, an Examination of the Intellect and Passions. 2d ed., enlarged, 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 390 (G. P. Putnam).
 French (Richard C.).—The Star of the Wise Men: being a Commentary on the Second Chapter of St. Matthew. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 116 (Phila.: H. Hooker).
 Westminster Review. July, 1850. Pp. 154 (L. Scott & Co.)
 Willoughby (Lady).—Passages from the Diary of—from the 2d London Edition. 12mo. pp. 193 (A. S. Barnes & Co.)
 Wise (Rev. D.).—Bridal Greetings: a Marriage Gift. 24mo. pp. 169 (Lane & Scott).
 Works of Horace. Translated by C. Smart, A.M. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 325 (London: H. G. Bohn; New York: Bangs, Brother & Co., Agents).
 Wyne (James, M.D.).—Lives of Eminent Literary and Scientific Men of America. 1 vol. 12mo pp. 356 (D. Appleton & Co.)
 Younger (J.).—The Light of the Week; or, the Temporal Advantages of the Sabbath. 18mo. pp. 96 (E. H. Fletcher).

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